THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 163 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • AUGUST 17, 1946 NUMBER 7

The Shape of Things

PRESIDENT TRUMAN IS STILL STRUGGLING toward a decision on Palestine as this issue goes to press. In the nature of things his reaction to the proposal for a "federation" tightly controlled by Britain will carry no finality. If he agrees in substance with the British proposal, the Attlee government will still have to use force to impose the plan on both Jews and Arabs, neither of which can accept a scheme that would effectively change Palestine from a mandate into the most autocratically governed crown colony in the empire. On the other hand, if the President rejects the proposal, as the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry rejected it, the British appear grimly determined to proceed unilaterally with their solution. They have taken drastic steps to stop all further immigration, with an air and sea blockade laid down for the Palestinian coast, threats to board and search vessels of other nations suspected of carrying illegal immigrants, and a concentration camp set up in Cyprus for luckless fugitives caught in their net. The audacity of the British policy, in complete disregard of the findings of the Joint Committee, cannot be disassociated from the equally truculent position adopted last week with respect to Iran. In the words of a Foreign Office spokesman, Britain is ready to meet any threat to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in that country with "unilateral action" on the ground that "there may not be time to consult the U. N." and anyway "the Security Council has no troops." To point up these remarks—as cynical as any that have come out of Moscow—British troops have been rushed into Southern Iraq, near the Iranian border.

✶

COMMERCIALISM IN THE AMERICAN PRESS has always been one of our favorite targets. So has the habitual distortion of news in the Hearst and McCormick-Patterson papers, and the occasional twisting of facts in more respectable journals. We intend to go on exposing such fakeries, and we welcome discussion of American mistakes, but not for a moment do we agree with Mr. Molotov that the defects of our own press preclude us from condemning the total absence in the Soviet Union of freedom of the printed word. There can be no comparison between a freedom abused and a freedom that does not exist. Mr. Molotov should, and probably does, know that even the most irresponsible section of our press must publish facts unpalatable to it or go out of business, while the vast majority of American papers constantly print news items that fail to confirm the prejudices of their owners. Let him read in Southern papers the full account of the recent Georgia lynchings; let him read in the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* every word uttered by him in his bitter exchange with Byrnes at Paris; let him read elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation* an admiring article on his own country such as no Soviet paper or magazine has ever carried on the United States. Then let him admit that until Byrnes publicly threw down the challenge, not one syllable of the American case in the current dispute over voting procedure at the peace conference ever found its way into a Soviet journal; let him admit that the historic Baruch Report, sweepingly condemned in the Russian press, has yet to be printed in a Soviet publication. What sense is there in the words of a Moscow broadcast that "the Soviet press considers the press to be free if it expresses the opinion of the people," as long as the people are denied the facts on which to base an opinion?

✶

WHEN THE DEMOCRATS OF THE MISSOURI Fifth District, aided by a few thousand Republicans, denied a renomination to Representative Roger Slaughter, President Truman scored a notable personal victory and liberalism won a draw. The original choice of the C. I. O. Political Action Committee, and of the district's liberals in general, was Jerome Walsh, former OPA attorney. The President had good reason to want the defeat of Slaughter, who had used his position on the powerful House Rules Committee to gut the Administrations's program, but he was dubious of the P. A. C. blessing on Walsh's head. Rather than risk an ideological campaign, he privately urged the Pendergast machine to pick another candidate and then publicly urged his nomination. The machine, as much indebted to the President as the President is indebted to it, picked Enos Axtell, an obscure assistant county prosecutor, and saw him through to victory. Local P. A. C. leaders appreciat-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

• IN THIS ISSUE •

EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things 169
South Africa Challenged 171
Peace Conference Tactics *by Freda Kirchwey* 172

ARTICLES

Please Omit Flowers *by Tris Coffin* 173
Report from Moscow *by J. Alvarez del Vayo* 175
Paris Looks at Everyman's House *by Ida Treat* 178
Prairie Socialism *by J. King Gordon* 180
MVA: Stalled But Not Stopped *by Ernest Kirschten* 183
Research in Happiness *by Martin Gumpert* 185
Everybody's Business *by Keith Hutchison* 186

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Our Southern and Western Colonies *by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.* 187
Sun Yat-sen: A Partial Portrait *by Agnes Smedley* 187
Art as Experiment *by Wylie Sypher* 188
Briefer Comment 189
Paul Rosenfeld *by Marianne Moore* 192
Records *by B. H. Haggin* 192
Films *by James Agee* 193

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 194

CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 174 *by Jack Barrett* 195

Editor and Publisher: Freda Kirchwey

Managing Editor J. King Gordon — *Washington Editor* I. F. Stone — *Literary Editor* Randall Jarrell*

European Editor: J. Alvarez del Vayo

Associate Editors

Robert Bendiner, Keith Hutchison, Maxwell S. Stewart

Drama: Joseph Wood Krutch — *Music:* B. H. Haggin

Staff Contributors

Reinhold Niebuhr, Carey McWilliams, Aylmer Vallance

Assistant Managing Editor: Robert Harvey

Copy Editor: Gladys Whiteside. *Assistant Literary Editor:* Caroline Whiting. *Research Editor:* Doris W. Tanz.

Business Manager: Hugo Van Arx

Advertising Manager: William B. Brown

Director of Nation Associates: Lillie Shultz

* Margaret Marshall on leave of absence.

The Nation, published weekly and copyrighted, 1946, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 318 Kellogg Building. Advertising and Circulation Representative for Continental Europe: Publicitas, Lausanne, Switzerland.

Subscription Prices: Domestic—One year $6; Two years $10; Three years $14. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1. *Change of Address:* Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new one.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

ing the Pendergast strength and agreed on the prime importance of Slaughter's forced retirement, had no choice but to go along. Axtell himself was none too happy over P. A. C. support, but the fact that he won indicates a mistaken estimate on his part and the President's. Had Truman favored Walsh to begin with, he would not only have rid Congress of a truculent reactionary, but he would at the same time have secured at least the nomination of a genuine progressive. Two other primaries of the week produced results of national interest. Senator Byrd will return to the Senate, as everyone expected, but he will go back irritated, if not chastened, by the first Senatorial contest Virginia has had in 24 years. The issue was state domination by the hitherto sacrosanct Byrd machine, which now stands condemned by something like 37 per cent of the Dominion's Democrats. In West Virginia, liberal Senator Harley M. Kilgore was the overwhelming choice for Democratic renomination despite the glowering silence of John L. Lewis.

✶

ON AUGUST 6, 1946, THE SURVIVORS AT Hiroshima held a festival that commenced with a moment of silent prayer; everywhere in the rest of the world there was business as usual. The Air Force sent a flight of unmanned planes from Hawaii to California; next day it tested the B-36, a bomber with a range of 10,000 miles and a bomb capacity of thirty tons. The gratified General Richardson stated: "The atom bomb is a warhead. We fully expect some day to have larger guided missiles with atomic warheads." Admiral Blandy released the information that most of the ships at Bikini are "radioactive stoves" which would have burned to death everybody aboard, and which will remain dangerously radioactive for a year; he remarked, with professional ambivalence, that this radioactivity constitutes one of "the best—or worst—features of the bomb." It is now practicable to manufacture atomic bombs several hundred times as powerful as those used at Bikini; research in guided missiles has gone ahead so fast that Air Force experts say that, within five years, they will be able to send rockets anywhere on earth. Meanwhile attempts to prevent the use of the bomb limp around and around in a dizzy and nauseated circle; meanwhile the average newspaper reader, fooled by the front-page stories that accompanied the first half-strength, misdirected bomb at Bikini, has decided that the bomb may not be so bad after all. How different it all is from those absurd stories in which a Mad Scientist, opposed by everybody, is trying to destroy the earth from a secret laboratory in the middle of the Sahara. Today, the old lunatic would instead be working in a government laboratory established by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, with the approval of everybody except a few sentimentalists and impractical dreamers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARD ON THE HEELS OF THE PROMISE HE gave when signing the new OPA Act, President Truman has taken steps to attack inflation with fiscal weapons. He has issued peremptory orders to department heads to diminish contemplated expenditures by at least $2.2 billion and on his instructions Reconversion Director John R. Steelman has ordered a sixty-day moratorium on new federal construction commitments. In view of the fact that, despite an upward revision in revenue for the current year of $8 billion, a deficit of $1.9 billion is still expected, even after the proposed cuts, no apologies are needed for an effort to bring the budget nearer a balance. At the same time we hope economy will be practised in a discriminating manner. We cannot afford for instance to cut any expenditures which contribute to a solution of the housing problem; and there would certainly be no sense in rendering an agency like OPA more ineffective than it has already been made by Congress by starving it of funds. Actually the chief victims of the President's economy campaign will be the Army and Navy which between them account for no less than 44 per cent of the total budget outlay. "The Brass," as is only to be expected, is grumbling loudly about this and collecting figures to show that any reduction in their expenditure would be fatal to the national interest. On this point we hope the President will stand firm. Admittedly, we cannot reduce the cost of the services to the 1939 level or anything like it. But it is certain that large economies could be achieved if the Army and Navy reconverted from the "expense-no-object" frame of mind in which they fought the war. The lavish set-up of the Bikini experiments, for instance, cannot possibly be justified.

South Africa Challenged

A DISPUTE between two units of the British Commonwealth—India and the Union of South Africa —will present the United Nations Assembly, which meets on September 23, with one of its most testing issues. The cause of this dispute is a recently adopted South African law which in effect confines the Indian community of some 250,000 to a series of ghettoes by severely restricting their right to purchase and occupy property. After protests had proved fruitless, the Indian government withdrew its High Commissioner from South Africa and terminated the trade agreement between the two countries. Now since a situation has arisen which obviously "is likely to impair the general welfare or friendly relations among nations," it is asking the U. N. Assembly to act under articles ten and fourteen of the Charter.

There is little doubt that when this matter comes to the floor of the Assembly the South African representatives will claim that the problem is a purely domestic one and therefore excluded from review by the U. N. The South African government has frequently made it clear that it resents appeals by South African Indians to New Delhi and rejects the right of the Indian government to act as their champion. It insists that Indian settlers in South Africa are South African citizens with no right to protection by another country.

The glaring flaw in this argument is the very fact that has caused the dispute—the persistent refusal of the South African government to give citizenship rights to members of the Indian community, who suffer under a long list of disabilities. They are, for instance, restricted in movements from one part of South Africa to another; they are subjected in parts of the country to Jim Crow laws in public conveyances, restaurants, and so forth; they are barred from many occupations and from the Civil Service. And up to now they have been disenfranchised. The act which has caused the present trouble does, however, include provision for their representation in the Union Parliament. The 200,000 Indians in Natal Province in the future will be allowed the privilege of voting for three Europeans to represent them in the House of Assembly. Approximately the same number of Europeans in Natal elect seventeen representatives. No wonder the Indian community rejects this "concession" as a mockery and is determined to boycott elections.

Treatment of Indians in South Africa as third-class citizens contravenes many solemn obligations formerly undertaken by the Union of South Africa or its predecessors. In 1860, when the sugar planters of Natal were desperately seeking reliable workers, the Indian government of the day reluctantly consented to the emigration of indentured Indian laborers on condition that at the end of three years they would either be given passage home or allowed to settle in the country with the full rights and privileges of citizens. The Indians who entered the country from that time until 1913, when immigration was totally prohibited, turned Natal into a prosperous province. But the promises made to them were not kept. Year after year their rights were whittled down and new agreements were made only to be broken.

Thirty years ago one long campaign against anti-Indian legislation was led by Gandhi, then a resident of Natal, who there first developed and tested the strength of his technique of passive resistance. That technique is now being employed once again to defeat the ghetto act. Indian men and women are courting arrest, by camping on land which, under the law, they are forbidden to occupy. Up to the beginning of this month over 300 of them had been sentenced to terms at hard labor and many others to fines which they refuse to pay. The Indians know that they cannot afford to abandon this struggle; they know that they must stand firmly against further erosion of their human rights or lose even the few that remain to them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many of us will applaud their action but let us remember that we do so from within a glass house. For the issue that is being presented to the U. N. Assembly far transcends the boundaries of South Africa. That is not the only country which either by law or custom disregards the pledge of signatories to the United Nations Charter to promote and encourage "respect for human rights and for fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, sex, language, or religion."

Peace Conference Tactics

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IN THE first test of strength at Paris, Russia lost, and lost by more than the two-thirds vote it had demanded as necessary to validate any recommendation from the Peace Conference to the Council of Foreign Ministers. Molotov's defeat ended one of the most acrimonious disputes yet staged by the Eastern and Western allies, and many critics of Moscow strategy have argued that, since the outcome of the row was foregone, the row itself was a meaningless display of stubborn bad temper. But unfortunately it was more than that—and more serious.

Molotov's most obvious and primary purpose was to repeat in a new context the argument made over and over at San Franciso, an argument whose roots had been firmly planted in Yalta: namely, that the "unity" of the four major allied powers—or five, by courtesy and political necessity—must form the solid basis of peace. Just as certainly as the war would have been lost had the leading Allies fallen apart, so the peace will be lost if they do not assume full and united responsibility for defending it. Even the veto—which can so readily be employed to prevent common action—is defended by Russia as an instrument to enforce unanimity: the major powers must act together or not at all.

It was upon this premise that Molotov, in the meeting of the Foreign Ministers in early July, insisted first upon completing the draft treaties before the general conference was called, and second upon fixing its rules of procedure ahead of time. He lost on both counts. The treaties were drawn up but with some twenty-six disputed points which must now be debated, along with all the agreed sections, by the twenty-one nations; and the procedure for the conference was not dictated, although the Big Four in issuing the invitations "proposed" that a two-thirds vote be required for recommendations affecting the texts of the treaties. When the conference assembled and the smaller countries, led by Evatt of Australia, won the slightly qualified support of Britain and the United States for their majority-vote demand, Molotov charged his colleagues on the Foreign Ministers' council with ganging up on the Soviet Union in defiance of their previous agreement.

But if Russia's fight was more than a noisy quarrel, it was also more than the reiteration of an old argument. Rather, Molotov used the unity argument in an attempt to advance his country's position in the continuing battle for power between West and East. This battle is not a one-way affair. Because the debate centered on the question of a majority as against a two-thirds vote, it was easy for correspondents to interpret it as a showdown between Western democracy and Soviet dictatorship. But this overlooks the quite apparent fact that the Western powers knew they could control the decisions of the conference if a majority rule obtained, while the Russians knew they could usually prevent a two-thirds vote for measures they disapproved. This diagnosis was borne out by two of the chief contenders at Paris: Attacking the Russian position, the Australian Foreign Minister sharply asserted that if the two-thirds rule were followed "nothing contrary to Soviet desires could be adopted," while the Russian Foreign Minister retorted, somewhat later, that "the simple majority constitutes a very simple means of securing the adoption of all amendments directed against the Soviet Union." Both were dead right.

The struggle for advantage among the major powers was not concealed by either the filibustering of the Russians or by Mr. Byrnes's outraged denial that any "bloc" opposed to Russia's interests. The blocs are there; they can be dissolved only by a changed attitude on both sides. Of this there is so far absolutely no sign, but until it comes nothing useful can result from acting as though either side were defending any disinterested ideal.

What one can never dare forget in the fateful days to come is a point made by del Vayo in his first article from Moscow: Russia's foreign policy is animated both by power politics and revolutionary aims. These are potent motives; taken together they present a challenge which the Western powers have not effectively met. While the British and Americans have gone through the motions of supporting the rights of the smaller nations, they have failed to demonstrate any willingness to adjust actual policy to the social and political currents sweeping through the world today. By ignoring or attempting to divert these currents they have given the Soviet Union a dozen issues it will not hesitate to use to its own advantage.

The weeks just ahead will show whether the Western Allies understand what the situation demands. One of the most critical tests will come this week when the Italian treaty, and especially the issue of Trieste, is laid before the conference. All four great powers are committed to the establishment of a "free territory" to include Trieste and a small area around it. No arguments are likely to alter this arrangement, but the kind of administrative set-up to be created is still in dispute and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one can be certain that Russia will go as far as possible in support of Yugoslav demands for virtual control. If Britain and the United States are wise they will meet this attempt by advocating a genuine, unpacked international commission, on which Russia's interests are fully represented, as well as those of Italy and the Yugoslavs, and which will inspire confidence among anti-fascists in both countries. A form of internationalism that chiefly guaranteed the big investments of Italian and other capital in Trieste would stiffen the barrier between the big powers and intensify the deep-seated suspicions upon which Russian intransigence rests.

Please Omit Flowers

BY TRIS COFFIN

Washington, August 9

THE flag standards rising above both wings of the great grey building on Capitol Hill are bare; the gloomy halls of the Capitol are strangely silent; the wooden doors on the House and Senate chambers are folded shut and locked. No more angry noises rattle out into the corridors, for the Seventy-ninth Congress is dead, mourned by none.

The Congressmen and Senators have rushed out of Washington like men fleeing from a plague. The final hammer of the gavel was a release, a new freedom. Many members grew to hate the sight of the large restless chambers where they gathered to fight and worry over desperate problems.

This was the first Congress in twelve years to operate without strong guidance from the White House. The Congress in 1933, welcomed enthusiastically the program of Franklin Roosevelt, for it had none of its own to answer the rumble of discontent thundering on Washington. In the following years, there were motions of rebellion against White House "interference" with Congress; occasionally F.D.R.'s recommendations were ignored. But, on the whole, Congress was content to let the President plan legislation, organize its passage, and take the responsibility. This was true even of the Republicans and anti-New Dealers, despite their great shouts of rage at "dictation" from down the street.

Then three months after the Seventy-ninth Congress began, Franklin Roosevelt passed away and Congress was strictly on its own. His death had a strange effect on many of the Democratic leaders. Without the strong hand on their shoulders, missing the words of inspiration, they shrank to mere politicians. In the House, Speaker Sam Rayburn and Majority Leader McCormack looked dull and tired. Elderly little Congressman Sabath's splutters seemed more incoherent. In the Senate, many of the older New Dealers kept quiet and took little active part in the violent battles. Lister Hill, the majority whip, once hailed as a brilliant and forceful liberal from the South, sat meekly in his seat. Senator Fulbright, who had the reputation of being one of the most able and constructive men in Congress on foreign policy, was quiet. When he did speak, it was almost apologetically.

One Senator described for me what happened to him when Mr. Roosevelt died. He said, "When he was in the White House, I used to visit F.D.R. perhaps once or twice a month. He would encourage me and give me ideas. I don't think I realized how much I depended on him until he died. A few weeks later I went to the White House to talk things over with Harry Truman. He didn't know what I was talking about."

A few men have risen to true greatness in Congress since the death of President Roosevelt. One such is Senator Alben Barkley, the Democratic floor leader. All the burdens of getting some kind of Administration program through have fallen on this patient and infinitely tolerant man. When Congress came to the point of harsh name-calling, Barkley waited it out and then moved in to search for compromise. When the Senate was reluctant to pass a bill, Barkley held it in continuous session on into the night until it acted. He was on the floor explaining every major Administration bill. He led the fights. He outlined the strategy.

Another man who proved himself was Wayne Morse, the ruggedly independent Republican. At the start of the session he was shrugged off as just another maverick who would be tamed down. But Morse was not tamed down. He beat the Senate elders at their own game. He learned the Parliamentary tricks, and was able to secure passage of the World Court resolution despite the fact that both Connally and Vandenberg were against bringing it up. By himself he nearly forced a vote on the anti-poll-tax bill.

In this Seventy-ninth Congress there was almost a complete lack of party responsibility. Neither the Democrats nor Republicans tried to lay down a line and stick to it. They ducked the issues and did not hold caucuses on the big problems. Each little group went its own way. Except for the bills sent down from the White House with an OK on them, there was no Democratic

TRIS COFFIN is a Columbia Broadcasting System commentator. He writes a weekly Washington report for The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

program. The Republicans had none and were divided among themselves. This split was revealed by Senator Wherry's vitriolic attack on Senator Taft during the debate on the OPA conference committee report. Wherry, representing the extreme right wing of the G.O.P., impugned the good faith of Taft in an attack so bitter that he was chastised by Senator Tobey, the New Hampshire Republican.

Wherry is the Old Guard, opposed to everything the Democrats favor, against any form of government controls, isolationists, and wildly anti-New Deal. Taft is the thoughtful, shrewd conservative who realizes the Old Guard has grown out of favor with the public, and the Republicans cannot win elections by being chronic "aginners" on every measure. He was willing to support the conference report on the OPA so that some of the public heat on the price-control issue could be taken away from the Republican Party. In the final vote on this issue, eleven Republican Senators voted with Taft and twenty-one voted with Wherry.

The Seventy-ninth Congress was a field day for the lobbyists. They acted with more self-confidence than they have for many years, filling the galleries, swarming in the Congressional office buildings, giving orders to Senators and Congressmen. The oil lobby was so strong it was able to batter down the determined opposition of the War, Navy, and Interior Departments to get a clear majority on the tidelands bill. A good many professed liberals voted for this measure, which the President promptly vetoed.

Some of the major bills passed by this Congress were:

The revised price-control act. Congress did not want to pass any price-control bill. The pressures to exempt this and that commodity were so powerful that the new act is a hodge-podge and even industry is bewildered. In the last several days the OPA has been holding conferences with its industry advisory committees trying to explain what the new bill does. The industry men enter these meetings in a cheerful mood, but after a few hours take off their coats, throw aside their notes, and angrily denounce Congress. The bill is full of conflicts and vague words that are going to make price control a superhuman job of administration. Business men are saying now that under the old act they at least knew where they stood. The exemptions may make for a dangerously lopsided economy unless production reaches such high levels that competition will be a price leveller.

The atomic-energy-control bill. This was an example of how a bill should be written, studied, and acted upon. The Senate committee worked for five months on it, listening to testimony from scientists, military leaders, statesmen, and leaders of public opinion. Every possible alternative was studied. The big issues—military versus civilian control, and public versus private use of atomic inventions—were met and threshed out in a calm mood. As a result, the bill was adopted unanimously by the Senate. Much of the credit must go to young Senator Brien McMahon for his painstaking work. The contrasting lack of study in the House was revealed when Representatives went completely berserk and ripped up the Senate bill in a wild two days. Final passage of a satisfactory atomic-energy bill, with all of the main features of the McMahon bill intact, was obtained after the Senators held what amounted to a forum for the House conferees. When the bill came back to the House, the Representatives had talked themselves out and were a little ashamed of themselves.

The bills reorganizing the federal government and Congress. Neither of these bills went through in their original form but were watered down. Speaker Sam Rayburn weakened the Congressional reorganization bill because it would have cut down his power.

It was in the foreign-policy field that Congress passed some of its most constructive legislation. An understanding on basic foreign policy had been worked out while Mr. Roosevelt was still alive. Leaders of both the Republican and Democratic parties had agreed to a limited internationalism and thus much of the controversy had been eliminated by the time the bills reached the floor. The isolationists were never able to gain a majority in the Seventy-ninth Congress. The lineup was, for the internationalists, a very heavy Democratic majority plus eastern and west coast Republicans; for the isolationists, a thin smattering of Democrats and midwestern Republicans. The isolationists made a big noise, particularly in the House, but it did not gain them votes.

Bills changing the traditional policy of the United States in world affairs were:

Ratification of the United Nations Charter.

Approval of a $3,750,000,000 loan to Great Britain.

Approval of the Bretton Woods international monetary agreements.

Extension of lend-lease and the reciprocal trade agreements act.

Approval of a cultural-relations program throughout the world.

Approval of American participation in the World Court.

Appropriations for the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.

Yet the limited scope of internationalism was shown by the fight over the World Court. Chairman Tom Connally of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee tried to keep the resolution pigeon-holed. He was joined by Senator Vandenberg, and even kindly Elbert Thomas was willing to let the session go by without action on the measure. It was not until Morse yanked the bill away from the committee that it even got on the floor. Connally immediately introduced an amendment giving the United States the right to determine whether or not any case brought before the World Court involving the United States is of a "domestic" or international nature.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If the United States declares the case is purely domestic, we can refuse to accept the jurisdiction of the court.

Making his speech, the old Texan did not sound like a convinced internationalist. He said he did not want any World Court telling us what to do with the Panama Canal. We had "bought" it with our money, he said. He drawled sarcastically that there were a lot of people around the world who would like to share our better living and would try to immigrate to the United States. Did we want any World Court telling us whom we should accept as immigrants, or how many? The Connally amendment passed.

Compared to earlier Congresses, the Seventy-ninth Congress was anti-labor. The House passed the harsh Truman labor bill with a wild whoop. The Senate would probably have passed it, too, had not Senator Taft blocked a unanimous-consent agreement to take it up right away. Over the week-end, the Senate had a chance to think the bill over, and it cooled down. The Senate did pass the Case bill with the Ball and Taft amendments, but it was vetoed by Mr. Truman.

Lack of concern of the Seventy-ninth Congress for the great mass of those who work for low or moderate wages was indicated by failures to act even more than by actions. Among the bills it did not pass were measures to liberalize unemployment-insurance benefits, establish a federal health and medical program, set up a long-range federal public-housing program, create special labor fact-finding boards, and establish a joint Congressional committee to study and recommend long-range labor legislation.

The Seventy-ninth Congress is not solely to blame for the confusion that filled all the debates. It had no strong leadership. It was confronted by an array of bewildering and far-reaching problems: reconversion, harnessing atomic energy, pushing the United States to the front as a world power in a troubled and angry time. From the galleries, it was obvious that the vast majority of Congressmen did not understand the issues and had not studied them. There were perhaps ten Representatives who revealed any knowledge of atomic-energy control when the bill came before the House. The others were plainly and frankly confused.

One remedy may be the Congressional reorganization begun by the La Follette-Monroney Bill. But a still more effective remedy depends on the voters: a discriminating electorate can wipe out the deadwood on Capitol Hill.

Today workmen are cleaning and painting the stately old building on Capitol Hill. A peaceful quiet has settled over Washington.

In five months a new Congress will come clamoring up the Hill to decide the policies of the United States. For the source of authority has shifted from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol.

Report from Moscow

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Moscow, August 5

THIS is my sixth visit to Russia. I came here for the first time in 1922, when famine scourged the Ukraine; with the other members of the Nansen Mission I lived throughout my stay in a railroad carriage, for in the homes and inns the only hosts were typhus and death. I was last here in 1935; fifteen years of constructive effort had already given Russia the national quality which made me predict, on the day Germany attacked, that the Soviets would never be defeated. Thus, while this visit has been shorter than my previous ones, I had a basis for comparison and judgment. I could avoid the errors made by so many foreigners—of generalizing on the basis of unfavorable details or of using as criteria the standards and way of life of their own countries. And I was not likely to fall into that state of mystical rapture of the first-time visitor, so charmed by Russia and its people that he walks around in a dream, seeing everything in the same rosy glow that lights the Kremlin toward evening.

THIS IS THE FIRST of a series of articles by The Nation's *European Editor. Mr. del Vayo will send his next article on Moscow's foreign policy. The third will deal with the new Five Year Plan.*

The first thing I met on this trip to Russia was the war. I do not refer to the material destruction; not having been in the Ukraine, White Russia, or the Caucasus—the three most devastated regions—I saw physical scars only in Leningrad. Of course, the destruction has been frightful. The figures speak for themselves: 70,000 towns and villages entirely razed; 1,700 towns partially destroyed; 6,000,000 homes and buildings demolished; 30,000 industrial plants bombed or stripped. I refer rather to the fact that although I knew Russia had made a great contribution to the war, until I came here I had no clear picture of the extent of its sacrifices. Not a single Russian family was left untouched. I asked about a painter who showed great promise in 1935 when still just a lad—"killed"; about two or three poets who were beginning to be talked about in those days—"killed";

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED
LIBRARY TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE

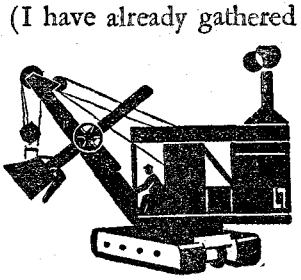
about an able functionary I had known—"killed." Whether the number of Russian dead is 7,000,000, as Stalin has publicly stated, or more, as some not-too-friendly foreign circles would like to believe, the losses were well distributed among all the Russian families. Russia gave the war what no other country gave—everything it had. Its effort was more total, more complete than Germany's. Unless this is established in one's mind, it is impossible to understand the present situation or comprehend the role that the Soviet Union will play in world affairs.

The Russian people feel they have fulfilled their duty almost beyond all conceivable limits. An accent of pride is heard in every personal story of those three and a half terrible years—pride multiplied millions of times to encompass such unity of a people in a war effort as was never seen before anywhere in the world.

Critics on the left are apt to resent this exaltation of national sentiment and conclude that Soviet imperialism has replaced the old internationalism. That is too simple an interpretation. A good part of Russian pride is rooted in the knowledge that the country which gave the world this extraordinary example of resistance and heroism is the country of socialism. One cannot make a clear distinction between ideology and the big-power concept. To interpret Russian policy exclusively in terms of power politics is sure to lead to false conclusions; to interpret it exclusively from the point of view of revolutionary ideology would be equally misleading. It is only by viewing the problem from both angles that one gets a just perspective.

On the other hand, not only the nation as a whole, but the Russian man and woman have risen in their own estimation. They have discovered what they are capable of; they remained united in the darkest hours, when it seemed that the German war machine, still almost intact, could not be stopped, when cold and hunger gripped the land. No Vichy casts its shadow on their post-war period, bringing divisive recriminations and resentments, and offering a rallying point for the fascist forces that have survived. The road is clear for the great task of reconstruction; the Russians do not have to begin by draining off the muck of collaboration, and this gives them an immense self-confidence.

Russia is strong—that is the fundamental conclusion I drew from this new visit to Moscow. It is a strength reflected not merely in figures (I have already gathered far more statistics about the accomplishments of the last eighteen months and the fourth Five Year Plan than I shall be able to use in this limited series of articles). One feels it when talking



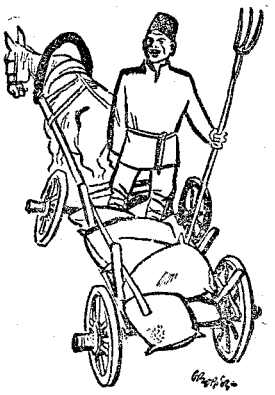
both to the leaders and to the average Soviet citizen. It is a strength which in its outward expression has none of that dull, brutish air that characterized the Third Reich's show of power; Russia's renowned artistic temperament lends that strength an élan which public demonstrations under Hitler never possessed.

When I reached Moscow, the theater season was already over; everyone told me it had been a particularly brilliant season with more than a hundred new plays in the twenty theaters of Moscow, including such hits as "Under the Chestnut Trees of Prague," by Constantine Simonov, and "The Creation of the World," by Nikolai Pagodin. But I was fortunate enough to arrive in time for the annual sports parade. It was magnificent. Thousands and thousands of boys and girls performing as if in each of them athlete, warrior, and artist had fused. In the dozens of different tableaux there was a sustained richness and purity of color. Here was the glory of the Russian ballet extended to the masses. (Today a ballerina like Galina Oulanova continues the tradition of Ekateria Geltzer whom I saw twenty years ago on my first visit.) It was extraordinary to see these thousands of young people one moment marching by in ordered ranks as if on a battlefield, the next moment breaking into gigantic ballet patterns expressing their joy in the victory of youth over death and devastation. The festival had an important relationship to Russia's strength: the boys and girls who took part come from the working class, just as the generals who routed the monocled German officers come from the working class, just as the new directors of industy who are now taking the place of those fallen in battle come from the working class. This is a capital fact too often forgotten: that after twenty-nine years the Soviet system still conserves its essential character.

Before I left for Russia I had a discussion in Paris with one of those leftists who used to be aggressively pro-Soviet and have now become irritatingly narrow, prejudiced critics of the U. S. S. R. He denied that Russia was a socialist state but conceded that it was a "workers' state." Very well, for the sake of argument let us leave it at that. This workers' state, which has emerged victorious from the ordeal of a world war—as in its infancy it weathered the ordeal of foreign intervention and later successfully concluded three Five Year Plans—today is entering the post-war period with the impetus provided by a rising class to whom "the future belongs."

Many people make the mistake of applying the same yardstick to the Soviet Union as to any other country. In 1941 foreign experts on Russian affairs were dead sure that Russia would be defeated before the end of the year. Some of them had spent considerable time in the Soviet Union, knew the language perfectly, and had an enviable stock of information about the country. They knew everything. But the one thing they had never grasped was the superhuman will the working class can

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



achieve when it is led politically with clarity and courage. The same thing is happening today. One foreign representative in Moscow gave me a long account of all the defects and objectionable features of the Soviet system from the point of view of the western democracies, beginning with salary inequalities and the lack of freedom in scientific discussions and ending with the prediction that the new Five Year Plan would fail because the Russians "are very tired." They are tired; but they believe that although great sacrifices still lie ahead, they have a future, while other nations face only sacrifices and an unending cycle of crises. The Russian tells himself, first, that there is no alternative but to make the Five Year Plan succeed, not only because it is the one way to make Russia stronger and protect it against another attack, but because it means an increase in the general well-being; second, that although Russia has a hard job before it, it has already passed the period of contradictions and internal conflicts in which the capitalist world is floundering. He believes that Russia's road goes *with* history, not against it.

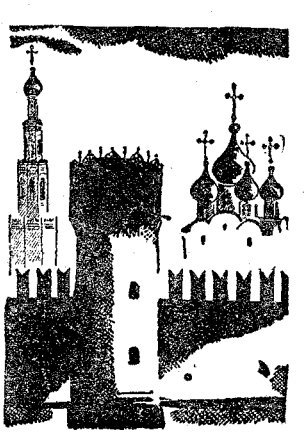
After what they have been through, nothing frightens the Russians. A population increase of two million a year guarantees them the necessary labor reserves. As for raw materials and industrial potential, one foreign diplomat with whom I spoke, the representative of a Western European country who is neither sympathetic nor hostile but simply serious-minded and extremely well-informed, told me that Russia has not yet tapped a tenth of its resources. Being here, one feels that Russia and the United States are the only truly independent countries in the world. In a talk with a high Russian official I incidentally raised the question of an eventual loan from the United States. "Well," he said, "if there is a loan, fine. If not, we shall get along without it."

The people look healthy and in general better off than those of other countries which felt the real impact of the war. I am judging, of course, by Moscow, whose population has increased considerably during the war—there are now perhaps 6,000,000 Muscovites—giving the streets a lively air and offering a rich field for personal observation. This year's harvest will be larger than expected, despite a drought which for a time threatened to cut the yield drastically. Bread and potatoes, staples of the Russian diet, are abundant. The Moscow radio has just announced that bread, flour, and cereals will come off the ration list this fall. I know very well that in the devastated regions, especially in White Russia, the situation is still serious: 90,000 collective farms destroyed, 7,000,000 horses, 17,000,000 cattle, 40,000,000 hogs and sheep either stolen or destroyed by the Germans. At the end of the war conditions there were critical; since then they have improved tremendously, and each month new advances are registered. In any case, the rumors of a new famine in Russia are without foundation.

Politically, the Soviet regime is more firmly established than ever. Members of the foreign diplomatic corps who in the past spent their time trying to name the marshal most likely to bring off a coup have now abandoned their little game. Stalin's prestige is enormous; everyone in Russia recognizes his decisive role in the victory. If an election were held in the Soviet Union today, using American voting machines and eliminating any possibility of pressure on the electorate, Stalin would receive an overwhelming majority.

Equally unfounded are the stories of conflict between the army and the Communist Party reported from time to time in the foreign press. Both are part of the same body, firm pillars of the regime. Those who have a penchant for military coups d'état would be wasting their time here; they should go to Latin America. Nor does Stalin's state of health offer any comfort to those who since 1917 have been hoping for the worst. The day of the sports parade he was in the reviewing stand for six long hours and, football enthusiast that he is, stayed to see the last feature on the program, a match between the two leading Soviet teams. Stalin is already in his middle sixties, but he comes from Georgia, where the people are noted for their longevity. He has thrown himself into the battle of reconstruction with the same energy he displayed in the war.

Those who like to complicate the Russian issue and delight businessmen's clubs by lecturing on the enigma of the East and the mystery of the Russian soul should learn one simple fact: Russia wants peace. It wants peace passionately because the war interrupted the titanic effort of nearly thirty years, and because no country knows better than Russia what war on its soil means. I shall deal with various aspects of Soviet foreign policy in my next article, but I want to make this point clear at the outset: the Russian leaders want peace and the people want peace.



I can already hear the ironic comment: "But you are implying that there is such a thing as public opinion in Russia." Yes, there is. It does not express itself in the same way as in the western countries, but it exists and the Kremlin has many channels for sounding it. The war had a great influence on public opinion. Many Rus-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sians fought on foreign territory. Their contact with the outside did not change them, as some had hoped, into enemies of the regime. But it broadened their horizon. In contrast with previous visits, I was struck by the number of people who know foreign languages. English is the most widely spoken foreign language in Russia today; taxi-drivers are beginning to learn it.

The taxi-driver has almost completely replaced the *izvozchik,* the famous old Russian coachman. At the risk of being called a reactionary, I must say I miss the *izvozchik* very much. Perhaps there are still a few left in Moscow, but I was unable to discover them even though I traveled all over the city—without any feeling of restriction—just as I might wander about Paris. When I asked an old friend about the *izvozchik* he told me jokingly, "He was liquidated as a class." The old *izvozchik* does not fit into the tempo of today's Russia. Not only are automobiles increasing in number, but air lines are being extended throughout the country, even into the Arctic. Where formerly only explorers ventured, now thousands of Russian citizens live and work. The airplane with the red star on its fuselage links two hundred million men engaged in the most ambitious undertaking of all ages.

Paris Looks at Everyman's House

BY IDA TREAT

Paris, August 1

MICHEL thinks he would like to emigrate to America, so Raoul and I took him to the exhibition of American housing and town planning which showed at the Grand Palais. Raoul is just demobilized, but still in uniform—he has no civilian clothes. Michel is seventeen and still at school.

Both were eager to visit the exhibition. America's war record has given terrific prestige to American methods of production, and housing is everybody's problem these days. Raoul plans to get married if and when he can find a place to live. Why not a pre-fabricated house made-in-the-U.S.A.?

The exhibition was set out on a floor of bright yellow sand under the fire-blackened roof of the Grand Palais, rather like the intrusion of a colorful and intact New World in a gutted Europe. As we came in, a band was playing what the French still call *jazz hot.* With the music, the flags, and the crowds pouring through the turnstiles, there was a pleasant excitement in the air that suggested circus day.

I do not know quite what the crowd expected. Perhaps something on a scale with the flood of guns, tanks, jeeps, massed men and equipment that rolled into France two years ago. If so, I suspect that the first glimpse of the exhibition was disappointing.

Beyond the turnstiles opened a labyrinth of billboards: graphics and curves; stripes, circles, diagonals; patches of blue, black, red, and orange; schematic human figures and columns of print. This was the town-planning section.

IDA TREAT is an American writer who has lived in France for many years. She is the author of "The Anchored Heart."

"No doubt very interesting, if we could get near enough to make it out," Raoul said politely as the crowd pushed us forward. Raoul, like most Frenchmen, appreciates a neat graphic but is wary of over-elaborate simplifications. He suspects a catch. "The Germans are keen on this sort of thing," he remarked.

"Is this all there is to it?" asked Michel.

A GI elbowed past us, a Red Cross girl on his arm. "Nothing here for us," he said. "Just information and data."

We followed in his wake, towards other billboards with fewer graphics and more photographs. The crowd, too, preferred the photographs. The ranks ahead of us halted to take in views of timber-covered mountains, lake and forest, vast unfenced spaces. Farther on they were massed before air-photographs of Grand Central Parkway, Jones Beach, and Tennessee Valley farms. This was more in line with their idea of America. Vanport City before, during, after: "40,000 inhabitants, built in 120 days."

"It's stupendous," said Michel. He pointed to an excavator in a tumbled chaos of sand and rock, its operator comfortably seated, smoking a cigarette. "That's how they work over there."

A woman beside us was examining the photograph of the completed town.

"Ce n'est pas très joli," she said dubiously. "What do you suppose that it will look like twenty years from now?"

"In twenty years they will build another," countered Michel.

We pushed on to the next section—building materials. Foundations and floors, poured out of a mixer. Walls and partitions of pressed wood, plywood, cardboard, asbestos. Walls lined with paper and tinfoil, filled with a sandwich-like stuffing of cottony fiber. I thought of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the three-foot granite walls of Brittany; I could understand that to French eyes all this looked startlingly fragile.

The visitors lingered, interested, a little skeptical. Perhaps they were thinking of the slow seeping of winter rains. "Chemically treated, water- and fire-proof," we read.

"If bugs ever get into that cotton...," someone remarked.

"It isn't meant to last. It's for *now*," Michel insisted.

We stopped to puzzle out the "minimum comfort requirements—space, air, central heating, bath, refrigeration." As Raoul pointed out, many of our homes might qualify for the first two. As for the rest—. Dutifully we compared the relative merits of different heating systems. We were getting farther and farther away from familiar ground.

A few steps ahead, a solid mass—chiefly women—clung like bees along a wooden railing. We had to work our way in. Everyone was very quiet, gazing intently at the exhibit. The dream kitchen: white lacquer and chromium plate, with electric stove, kettle, stream-lined flat-iron and mixer, all complete. But these were not what held the attention of the crowd. They were looking at the open door of the frigidaire. At the things inside. Bottles of milk, slabs of cheese, a long pork roast in a thick layer of fat, *two* chickens—only wax, of course, but poignantly realistic. I came to in time to hear Michel explaining to his neighbors: "In America, every worker's house has a kitchen like that. You can see now why they think we're so backward."

We came at last to the high-spot of the exhibition, the four pre-fabricated houses. After the dream kitchen, the dream village—at least part of one—standing in a plot of bright new grass dotted with shrubs, rose-bushes, and even a blue Vosges hemlock.

Four miniature houses—one sliced across like an anatomical figure, or a doll-house with the front removed, to show the construction. As flawless and perfect as the doll-houses of my childhood, fresh from the box and smelling of new paint. We joined one of the endless queues waiting outside and walked through the roped-off hallways, stepping gingerly on the blue linoleum. We admired the quiet tones of the wallpaper, the discreetly colorful chintzes, the simple lines of the furniture. We admired everything, speaking in subdued voices. No one mentioned "fragility" or the desire so deeply rooted in French home-builders—to build for at least two generations. Like everyone there, we were obsessed by the present. For some that meant makeshift quarters in a crowded Paris hotel, and for others the dingy paint and cracked ceilings, the leaky pipes and drains that needed attention after six years' neglect, not to mention the walls splotched with mildew and the floors that had bulged and warped during a succession of fireless winters.

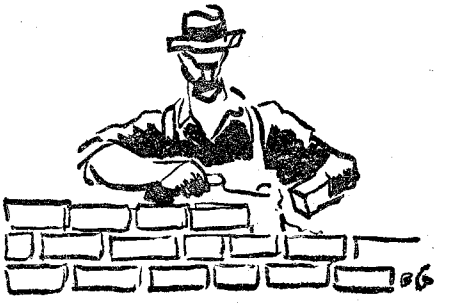
Wistfully envious, we took in every detail of the "cheap, mass-produced American home."

Coming out, we stopped to read a notice: "the average American devotes one-twentieth of his year's income to rent; the price of a house represents, on an average, two years' total income." Then we saw the prices: $2,500 (300,000 francs) for the smallest of the doll-houses, $5,750 (650,000 francs) for the one we preferred—the one with neat white clapboards and green shutters. Like the thoughtful groups around us, we calculated. Raoul, in his university job, will earn 7,500 francs a month. The retired colonel at his elbow received less than twice as much. Respectively 90,000 and 144,000 francs a year. (What a sum that would have been in the old days!) Multiply those figures by two: neither Raoul nor the colonel could qualify for the humblest of the pre-fabricated houses. Not to mention the young railroad employee whose family allowances brought his monthly salary to 5,000 francs. Or even the waiter who totaled 400 francs a day in tips—as much as the colonel's pension.

"To live like that, we'll have to go to America," Raoul said finally. But Raoul has no intention of emigrating.

The sobered crowd drifted towards the exits. We had to admit it: the luxury of this "minimum of comfort" was not for us. Like the lovely things in the shop-windows of this Paris of ours, where a couple of armchairs cost as much as a house in the provinces before the war, and where the average woman cannot afford a new dress or a nightgown or a pair of sheets to replace the torn and mended because practically every penny of the family income goes for food. Not for us. Only black-marketeers could buy one of the elegant doll-houses—though being black-marketeers they would doubtless prefer something more elaborate.

Probably the bare-legged, bare-headed girl in the dyed coat who walked out ahead of us was thinking just that. She looked dejected: 4,000 francs a month as *petite main* in a famous dress-shop of the Rue de la Paix. For her, the pre-fabricated house that represents two years of an average miner's wages must have seemed as far away as heaven. She scuffed through the bright sand of the American village, yellow as the fabulous gold of the New World, still so alluring to would-be emigrants. It clung to the wooden soles of her high wedge-shoes. We tracked it out into the street. Only it wasn't gold—just common sand.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prairie Socialism

BY J. KING GORDON

I

Regina, August 7

SASKATCHEWAN'S harvest has begun. South from Regina the prairie stretches out flat to the horizon. Now it is golden, as far as the eye can see. Saskatchewan farmers will have a good crop this year, although the 90° to 100° heat in the last few weeks will lessen the yield. Within a short time the wheat will start moving eastward—in freight cars, in the holds of Great Lakes grain ships, in ocean-going vessels from Montreal, towards hungry Europe. Saskatchewan is Canada's greatest wheat province.

Today Saskatchewan is thinking about other things besides wheat. Two years ago last June a new provincial government came into power. It was the first socialist government in the history of Canada. In the elections the candidates of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) swept the polls, taking forty-seven out of the fifty-two regular seats. The government is headed by T. C. (Tommy) Douglas, a former Baptist minister who resigned his seat in the federal parliament to head the Saskatchewan CCF Party. In his two years as premier of the province he has shown remarkable gifts as an executive and an organizer. His cabinet is made up of men who share his convictions, solid men—farmers, teachers, labor leaders, a lawyer, two executives of the cooperative movement. And they have something to show for their two years in office. A conservative business man said to me, rather sadly: "If they just stand on their present record, they'll be in for twenty-five years."

Politics is in the air these hot August days. For the national convention of the CCF is meeting in Regina where thirteen years ago it was launched as a new Canadian party in the tradition of the great labor parties of the British Commonwealth. In 1933 the delegates from farmer, labor, and white-collar groups debated over fine shades of meaning in hammering out a fourteen-point manifesto. The manifesto has stood the test of time. It has saved the party from doctrinaire factionalism and from the temptations of political expediency. It has been restated in terms of immediate political objectives; it has been used as the broad basis of an educational program. Today with Canada facing the economic and social problems of the post-war period the Regina Manifesto is the one document providing a coordinated scheme of economic planning directed to the attainment of specific social objectives.

THIS IS THE FIRST of two articles on Canada's Cooperative Commonwealth Federation Party by J. KING GORDON, The Nation's *managing editor. Next week he will write on the CCF as a national movement and report on the Regina convention.*

The delegates to the 1946 convention have just begun their deliberations. The decisions reached may have important consequences for a party which, in the not-too-distant future, hopes to emulate the labor parties in Britain, Australia, and New Zealand and become the government of the nation. The solid achievements of the CCF government in Saskatchewan have done much to dispel the suspicion that the new party was a catch-all for starry-eyed theorists or dangerous radicals. And the delegates now in the city are going to have plenty of opportunity to see democratic socialism at work.

THE FIRST CCF GOVERNMENT

During two visits to this province in the last six months I have tried to find an answer to the question: "Why should Saskatchewan, the most agrarian of Canada's nine provinces, be the first to elect a socialist government?" I asked the Honorable Lachlan Fraser McIntosh, Minister of Cooperation and Cooperative Development. McIntosh, a native of North Dakota, is a quiet-spoken man who carries his Celtic ancestry in the rugged lines of his face as well as in his name. He said this:

"Saskatchewan farmers came gradually to the conclusion that they could handle their own affairs better than outsiders. We used to count on the big service organizations with headquarters in Eastern Canada to market our wheat, finance our farm operations, insure us against loss. Then we found that we were paying too high a toll. So we set up cooperative organizations. It's not a very long step from cooperatives to a government that applies the same principles in other spheres of activity."

There is something of the basic populist revolt in the CCF in Saskatchewan—a protest against the exploiting power of the big grain companies, the big mortgage companies, the manufacturers of the East, the high tariff men. This revolt is inherent in all western liberalism. What is new in the Saskatchewan CCF is the positive program of economic planning, the definite proposals for social security, the equal concern for the rights of labor and the rights of the farmer, the willingness to set up socialized industries so as to develop the province's resources in the interests of the people of the province.

PRAGMATIC SOCIALISM

Saskatchewan is still predominantly an agricultural province with wheat the main crop. I say "still" because the northern region—more than half the province—is a continuation of the rocky shield which in the provinces

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the East has yielded enormous wealth from mines, forests, and lakes. The government has set itself the task of opening up this new north but just now is concentrating on the problems of the agricultural section.

The Saskatchewan farmer is solidly wedded to the idea of the family farm. To that extent he is a free-enterprising individualist. But, in general, what the Saskatchewan farmer wants is to be assured of security on his land and a reasonable price for his product. The operation of the various cooperatives and the wheat pool has given him some control over marketing. Now the new CCF government has passed legislation giving him security on his land. A crop failure carries with it not only the impact of financial loss but the threat of losing one's holdings. The new legislation frees the farmer from the necessity of paying interest on his mortgage in a crop-failure year. Moreover, it gives him absolute protection against foreclosure of his home and the quarter-section of land on which it stands.

Most Saskatchewan farmers had a hunch they were being too heavily taxed by the big insurance companies. On investigation it was found that fire losses over the period of a year were less than one-third the premiums paid out to more than two hundred insurance companies, most of them with head offices in Eastern Canada. The government, therefore, decided to go into the insurance business up to the neck. It took over an office building in the center of Regina and is now writing everything but life insurance.

A PEOPLE'S HEALTH

Shortly after coming to power the government invited Dr. Henry Sigerist, of Johns Hopkins University, to make a study of Saskatchewan's health problems. The immediate outcome of his study and report was the creation of a Health Services Planning Commission to meet the most urgent health needs and work out a long-term program of health insurance.

The province stands in a progressive medical tradition. The municipal hospital and the salaried doctor are established institutions. In fact, at the time the CCF came into office fully one-third of the rural population was covered by some form of health insurance. For a number of years the province has had free treatment for all cases of tuberculosis.

The most immediate needs arise from lack of trained personnel and facilities for hospitalization and specialized care. If the minimum standard of one doctor to one thousand persons is accepted, Saskatchewan needs four hundred doctors right away. Moreover, there is a heavy urban concentration of the medical profession—45 per cent of the doctors are serving the 15 per cent of the population living in cities. The province's hospital accommodation needs to be expanded fully 25 per cent. Improved laboratories, more public health clinics are urgently wanted. The medical school in Saskatoon carries the student only to the end of his second year.

After receiving the Sigerist report, the government went ahead energetically with its program. At the end of two years this program is well advanced: Free medical care for the 25,000 who are in receipt of government pensions—the aged, the blind, mothers on allowances, and their dependent children. Free medical services for those with diseases where treatment is usually long and costly—cancer (including diagnostic treatment, hospitalization, X-ray, and surgery), mental illness, venereal diseases, tuberculosis (previously established). Special aid is extended to municipalities that have set up their own health programs, particularly those least able to afford the cost of maintenance.

Now the Health Commission is implementing an overall program of health insurance which will eventually cover everyone in the province. Emphasis is placed on local choice and initiative in the belief that centralized administration defeats the ends of socialized medicine. Fourteen health districts have been mapped out. But before a region is actually constituted, a local referendum is taken to discover if the people in the region are willing to get behind the program and assume the added obligations. Each region is divided into a number of districts, and each district into health units with a health center, public health headquarters, nursing home or small hospital. Medical institutions in the larger centers will provide specialized laboratory, diagnostic, and surgical facilities.

SOCIALIZED FISH

When you look at Joe Phelps, he reminds you of a Grant Wood painting of a prairie farmer. That's what he is—a prairie farmer, converted into the Minister of Natural Resources and Industrial Development. Joseph L. Phelps came West from Ontario when he was a boy of nine and started farming with his father. He became active in the cooperative movement and developed a reputation as a radical political thinker. He entered the Saskatchewan legislature as a CCF member in 1938 and was raised to cabinet rank when the present government came into power.

When Joe Phelps thinks about natural resources, he thinks primarily about the men and women whose livelihood is dependent upon their development. Here's a case in point. There is an enormous lake in northern Saskatchewan called Lac LaRonge. It is teeming with fish. The trouble in the past has been transportation and an insecure market. A big fish company would buy the fish to suit its own convenience; the fishermen fared miserably, were constantly in debt, and in the summer went on relief.

The first trip north Joe Phelps took when he was appointed to his job was a flight to Lac LaRonge. The plane landed in the lake and came ashore at the little settlement. The settlers were *Métis*—half Indian, half French—whose forefathers had lived on the western plains long before the railway opened the plains up to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the waves of immigrants from the East. The conversation, as told by Phelps, went something like this:

Métis: "I suppose you've come to talk about our relief money."

Phelps: "What relief?"

Métis: "Well, the last government gave us relief, and we'd like to know what this new CCF government is going to do for us."

Phelps: "Don't believe in relief. How about doing some work?"

Métis: "What kind of work is there to do here in summer?"

Phelps: "I want some wood cut—200 cords of it. I'll pay you five dollars a cord. There's a thousand dollars to start with. Then I want some timber cut."

Métis: "There's no timber around here."

Phelps: "Sure there is. I saw plenty when I was flying in. May have to go five or six miles to get it, but it's there."

Métis: "Well, what do you want timber for? You can't ship it out, and there's no mill."

Phelps: "I want it right here. And there's an old mill here that can be put into shape. Anyway, that's my worry. I want you to cut me 200,000 feet of timber and get it floated in to where the mill is."

Phelps said to me, "I don't know where I got the figure 200,000 but I wanted to show them that I meant business."

That was the way the fish-filleting plant and cold-storage locker got started at Lac LaRonge. The plant was built with lumber cut and sawed on the spot. The cold-storage locker meant that fish could be caught all year round. The fish was filleted, inspected, quick-frozen, packed in attractive waxed cartons, and stamped with the Saskatchewan government label. A regular transportation service was developed to take the fish out to the retail market. Result: a new industry operated by the province; security and regular employment for the fishermen of Lac LaRonge; good, reasonably priced fish for the people of Saskatchewan.

And Lac LaRonge is just the beginning. For the air-survey maps are blue with lakes, and thousands of tons of fish are waiting to be taken out every year.

FURS FROM THE TRAPPER

Furs are something else in Joe Phelps's special field of interest and for the same sort of reasons. For with the exception of migrant workers, I don't suppose that any class of American labor is subject to more exploitation than the fur trapper of the north. The romance of his calling is apt to conceal the fact that he is a virtual slave of the fur company that grubstakes him and takes his catch in payment on a debt from which he is seldom free. The Hudson's Bay Company and other big fur companies have for centuries regarded themselves as benevolent overlords of the wilderness territories in which they had their posts. Modern transportation has begun to break their monopoly over supplies. Now they are facing a government whose concern is for the lives and well being of the companies' "subjects."

Phelps shoved across the desk a letter he had just received from a missionary in one of the farthest north settlements. The letter asked if Phelps could help his parishioners get their furs out to a market where they would get a decent price. They were all in debt to the fur company and struggling along on the very edge of existence. And this season the skins were good and the market fur prices high.

To meet this situation the Saskatchewan government set up a Fur Marketing Service. It equipped a modern warehouse in Regina for the storage, grading, and cataloging of furs. Here regular auctions are held which are attended by buyers from all over the continent. A nominal service charge of 5 per cent is assessed: apart from that the full price paid goes to the trapper or fur rancher.

Now it is interesting that both these public enterprises, fish and furs, while representing direct government participation in the development of natural resources have aided rather than damaged small primary producers. The free-enterprising trappers are better off because the government has actually re-established, in its fur auction, the classic form of the free market so as to lessen the dictatorial power of the big fur companies.

The over-all policy on public enterprises is settled by an Economic Advisory and Planning Board which passes judgment on all proposed projects. It is now in the process of making an economic survey of the province and working out a ten-year plan of economic development. The key-man in the set-up is a six-foot-six Englishman, George Cadbury, of the famous Cadbury family that has traditionally combined business acumen with austere moral principles. A member of the British Labor Party of long standing, he served in Washington during the war on one of the British supply commissions. His job in Saskatchewan is two-fold. He heads the Advisory and Planning Board and acts as chief industrial executive on the board of directors of every government company. Besides developing the fish and fur services, the government has taken over the provincial lines of the Greyhound Bus company, acquired a woolen mill, a brick plant, and a shoe factory, set up a timber-marketing service and begun a survey of provincial resources. In its program for public power it has taken over one of the largest private power companies in the province and plans to speed the badly needed rural electrification.

PATTERN FOR DEMOCRATIC SOCIALISM

Space will not permit a description of Saskatchewan's program for the advancement of all forms of cooperatives. Today more than 250,000 persons—well over 25 per cent of the total population—are members of cooperatives.

The CCF is building a new society in Saskatchewan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not according to any doctrinaire socialist blueprint but in accordance with certain basic social principles applied to the communal problems of daily living. The program is non-mechanistic. It begins with the needs of the individual and derives its strength from the initiative and willing support of individuals. And, one might say, not the state but the individual is the end of the program. If you want to find totalitarian manifestations of socialism you will have to look elsewhere than on the western Canadian prairies.

MVA: Stalled But Not Stopped

BY ERNEST KIRSCHTEN

St. Louis, August 8

ONE great boon which the Seventy-ninth Congress might have given the nation is the Missouri Valley Authority—a TVA-patterned assurance that the Big Muddy will be utilized for the enrichment of a region thirteen times as big as the Tennessee Valley, instead of contributing to its impoverishment. Work of a sort has been started on the river under divided auspices, but genuine hope lies only in the establishment of a single, integrated authority. Senator Murray of Montana and Representative John Cochran of St. Louis did introduce a bill for this purpose. But after a double-cross in committee, its supporters decided to wait for a more auspicious occasion. Will it take more floods, another emigration from the dust bowl, and further depletion of America's bread basket to bring to the valley President Roosevelt's dream of a plan "for the greatest benefit of its citizens, both present and future, and for the greatest benefit to the United States?"

Much of the blame for the legislative setback falls on President Truman. As Vice-President, he started the Murray bill on its way to frustration by assigning it to the hostile Commerce and Irrigation Committees in the Senate as well as to the Agriculture Committee, which had handled the original TVA legislation and regarded the MVA proposal with some favor. After Senator Overton had provided a three-ring circus for the bill's enemies before the first two, there was not much sense in starting hearings before the Agriculture Committee.

However, there are other obstacles in the way of speedy acceptance of the plan. For one thing, the people of the ten states in the vast Missouri Valley are not yet solidly united in support of a TVA for their region. In one of the earlier editorials with which the St. Louis *Star-Times* launched its MVA campaign, it admitted that while there were "at least some links of common interest that held people in the Tennessee Valley together," people in St. Louis have little in common "with the people who live in the foothills of the Rockies . . . or with the wheat farmers of the Dakotas and the corn growers of Nebraska and Iowa." Lines of communication cross the Missouri Valley from east to west instead of following the course of the river. The semi-arid states of the upper valley are primarily concerned with irrigation. The states of the lower valley are worried about flood control and navigation. Two years of persistent effort have done much to convince the people of the valley that irrigation and flood control, navigation and power production are all part of one big problem, but much remains to be done.

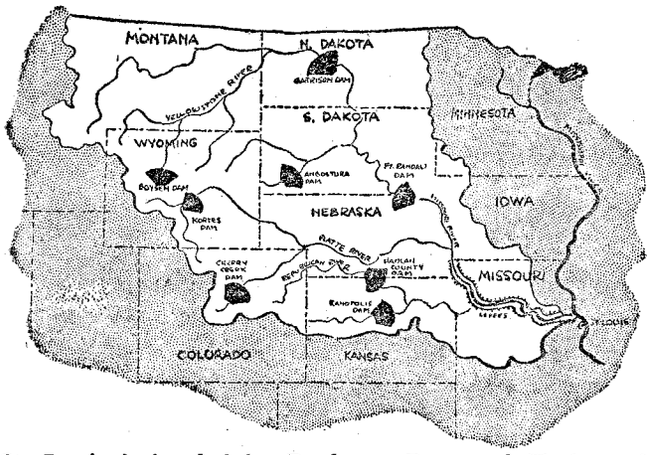
Political alignments have been a brake on the development of MVA sentiment. The Missouri Valley is the bailiwick of reactionary rural Republicanism. To its representatives in Congress the MVA smacks of the New Deal and is therefore anathema. (It is only fair to say that there is probably less favorable sentiment in Democratic Senator O'Mahoney's state of Wyoming than anywhere else in the valley.) While the *Star-Times* and the *Post-Dispatch* of St. Louis have given unremitting support to the MVA, the Kansas City *Star*, the Omaha *World-Herald*, and most other valley papers are hostile.

Wesley Price, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, was particularly effective in answering the favorite argument of the opposition that the MVA would create a "dictatorial, totalitarian super-state." Mr. Price pointed out that the very people who are now raising the cry of states' rights had long been looking to all sorts of federal agencies for funds to be spent in the valley. He also called attention to the "luxuriously financed lobbyists who went to work to head off the MVA." These gentlemen emphasized the sad plight of private power companies faced by the threat of public hydroelectric developments. One particularly nonsensical idea which they tried to plant with the "right people" was that the MVA would not help to industrialize the region since "industry really doesn't care what it pays for power; electricity is too small an item on the cost chart to be considered in locating a factory."

Public-spirited citizens have organized to fight this propaganda. Montana has an MVA Association under the direction of Jerome Locke. A similar organization in

ERNEST KIRSCHTEN is editor of the St. Louis Star-Times *editorial page.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



St. Louis is headed by Professor Raymond Tucker of the Washington University School of Engineering. A national MVA organization has been formed in Washington. Support has been obtained from James Patton's Farmer's Union, the Missouri Farmer's Association under the presidency of F. V. Heinkel, various trade unions, and groups like the League of Women Voters and the St. Louis Liberal Voters' League. The St. Louis Chamber of Commerce held a referendum which, rather surprisingly, resulted in a substantial vote for the MVA. Their energy and money, however, have not matched the efforts of the utilities, railroads, and other interests which feel directly threatened.

In the forefront of the opposition, stands the United States Chamber of Commerce—on behalf of which D. J. Guy proclaims that the MVA would have the power "to do everything but coin money, wage war, and amend the Constitution"—the Mississippi Valley Association, and the National Reclamation Association. In effect the last two are lobbying agencies for the Army Engineers and the Department of Interior's Bureau of Reclamation. These two federal departments fought over the waters of the Missouri for years but finally entered on a marriage of convenience to head off the MVA. The chief interest of the Engineers is navigation. They want to build a nine-foot channel from Sioux City to the mouth of the river just above St. Louis and to line this reach of the stream with high levees. Farmers insist that the narrowing and deepening of the channel has made floods much worse than they used to be. But the Engineers get strong support from the barge-line operators and the contractors who work for them up and down the 2,500 miles of the river. The Reclamation Bureau, on the other hand, is interested in irrigation in the upper states of the valley.

As it became more and more obvious that the solution of the problem of the Missouri could be achieved only through an over-all agency like the TVA, the army came forward with its Pick plan. This was a hodge-podge of old projects hastily put together by Colonel Pick, district engineer at Omaha, now General Pick, builder of the Ledo road. The Reclamation Bureau produced the so-called Sloan plan, a more carefully thought-out proposal on which W. G. Sloan, the bureau's agent at Billings, Montana, had worked for some five years. The Sloan plan calls for ninety dams and would cost about $1,257,700,000. It provides for seventeen power plants capable of producing 4,000,000,000 kilowatt-hours of firm power. In addition its sponsors claim that it would provide irrigation for 4,760,000 acres of arid land and would bring supplementary water to 538,000 additional acres. They estimate its annual benefits at $168,306,000 and its annual cost at $65,413,000. This cost, they say, could be amortized in fifty years with interest at 3 per cent. The Pick plan calls for twenty-two reservoirs behind multiple purpose dams but makes scant provision for irrigation. Its cost is estimated at $661,000,000. These figures should prove that no money is saved by opposing MVA. It's a question of a good job or a poor one.

The MVA proposal clamors for a trial because all other methods of coping with an alarming situation have failed. Missouri Valley states have been losing population for several decades. It is beginning to dawn on them that they need new industries and more prosperous farms to keep their sons at home. In the years between the wars, drought drove more than 300,000 people out of the valley and ran up a relief bill of $1,246,000,000. Since 1942 severe floods have been an almost annual occurrence; their cost is conservatively estimated at $150,000,000. The richest farm land in the United States has been washed under the Eads Bridge at St. Louis at the rate of twenty acres a minute.

The MVA has been stalled but not stopped. Other regions are going ahead with similar proposals. A decline in the productiveness of the Missouri Valley while other regions are striding forward should break down the opposition. In the long run it will take more than a Montana Power Co. to stop the people of that state from joining with the other people of the valley to check its economic decline. The farms which are now being carried away by wind and water can be pegged down and enriched. Electric power can bring new industries to many parts of the valley. Development of resources can create thousands of new opportunities for a good living.

But this will not come about without effort. To quote again from a *Star-Times* editorial: "As David Lilienthal said, the technical problems of this transformation are not beyond the resourcefulness of the engineers. But first there must be a common determination to set the engineers to work for a common purpose. This calls for men of vision up and down the valley. The Tennessee had its Senator Norris—paradoxically a man from the valley of the Missouri—who worked and preached until the dream of TVA was an actuality. We need hundreds of Norrises—business men and farmers and ranchers and public officials fired with the dream of an MVA, men determined to explain and to plead, to organize and to fight, until their dream, too, is a reality."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIBRARY
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

Research in Happiness

BY MARTIN GUMPERT

HAPPINESS is a medical problem. The social purpose of the practice of medicine is the promotion of happiness. We shall not attempt here to discuss the concept of happiness; it has historical reality. The Declaration of Independence has made the pursuit of happiness one of the sacred rights of our society. Happiness presupposes freedom from fear and want, freedom from anxiety. Happiness is expressed by a state of physical and mental health. It is the physician's task —and the basis of his professional dignity and social standing—to achieve and to protect health and thereby create happiness.

A good physician, therefore, ought to be seriously concerned with the condition of unhappiness wherever it is met. Unhappiness is a challenge to the physician's ability, knowledge, and conscience. His powerful privileges are obviously wasted if he permits unhappiness to develop into an epidemic symptom.

Strangely enough, not many physicians are aware of these vital, strongly political implications of medicine, which is in part applied understanding of scientific processes and in part applied understanding of sociological forces. Unhappiness, so much thought of and talked about as an acute emotional state, has never been recognized by medicine as a pathological entity, either curable or incurable. It is true that the psychosomatic movement in modern medicine has once again reclaimed the idea of the close interdependence of emotional and physical factors. Cobb, Bauer and Whiting (Journal of the American Medical Association, 1939), for instance, have concluded from the study of so-called life charts, connecting a patient's medical data and social data, that "environmental stress, especially poverty, grief, and family worry, seem to bear more than a chance relationship to the onset and exacerbations of rheumatoid arthritis." This relationship can be shown to exist, to varying degrees, in almost every disease.

But not much attention has been given to the tremendous social consequences of such findings and to the great social responsibilities which derive from them for the practicing physician. Medicine holds, indeed, a key position in the fight against social catastrophes. The medical study of unhappiness as a disease-provoking element, as a disease in itself, or as a clue in the search for disease, should be systematically undertaken. Very few investigations in this direction are, so far, available.

Periods of transition, individual or social, may cause unhappiness until a new equilibrium has been established. Where no hope for a new equilibrium is offered, as in old age, or in a desperate political climate, unhappiness becomes a constant and dangerous part of existence. J. T. Landis (School and Society, 1942) examined 450 individuals over 65 as to their "happiest" period of life. Fifty per cent named the period between 25 and 45; 20 per cent chose the years between 15 and 25; 18 per cent decided for childhood; 7 per cent were unable to make a choice; only 5 per cent selected middle and old age. M. Morgan interviewed recipients of old-age allowances in New York State (Annals of Psychology, 1937): 41 per cent chose the years from 25 to 45 as their happiest. Worries associated with financial insecurity were the greatest single source of worry.

Whoever agrees that neither childhood or old age should be unhappy by nature, must be convinced that there exist critical age groups, burdened by an unjustified load of unhappiness, for which remedies can and must be found. Similar critical areas of endemic unhappiness could undoubtedly be discovered by investigating economic groups, racial groups, cultural groups. Such an investigation would, in all probability, reveal relations between the regional prevalence of disease (e. g. tuberculosis, hypertension, psychoses) and the prevalence of happiness or unhappiness among certain groups.

The statistics of suicide and crime might be another source for the study of unhappiness, though these incidents can be influenced by many complex factors difficult to evaluate. In a chart in "Mental Disorders in Later Life" (ed. Oscar J. Kaplan, 1945), we find that suicide rates increase progressively with age. But there are strong fluctuations according to sex, to race, and to the general economic situation.

The material thus far available on this subject is so limited as to be inconclusive in almost every respect. However, it suggests a new aspect of medicine: medical sociology, a systematic effort by physicians to analyze the social causes of unhappiness which influence the health of their patients, and to fight these causes by active participation in the political strifes of their time and their social group. Scientific facts could perhaps have a clarifying influence on hate, prejudice, and selfishness in politics and might help to reconcile a chaotic reality with reason.

MARTIN GUMPERT, whose articles on medicine appear regularly in The Nation, *is a New York City physician and author of a book on problems of longevity, "You Are Younger Than You Think."*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Can We Afford German Capitalism?

TOP American and British officials in Germany have begun discussions of the means by which an economic merger of their two occupation zones can best be achieved. This step was undertaken because it has so far proved impossible to obtain the kind of economic unification of the whole Reich which was envisaged by the Potsdam plan. The resulting stagnation of trade and industry, and delay in reconstruction, has led to a further depression of German morale creating problems for the occupation forces. In addition, it has slowed down the pace of recovery in other countries for it is impossible to subtract the economy of Germany from that of Europe as a whole without achieving a general loss of production.

Merger of two of the three western zones may lead to some alleviation of the situation but, unless Mr. Byrnes's hope that it will lead to the reintegration of the whole country is speedily fulfilled, it threatens to create more problems than it solves. For if economic division persists for any length of time, with eastern and western zones developing on divergent lines, it will be difficult to avoid total fission of the Reich. That threat may tend to soften Russian opposition to unification on Potsdam lines since the Soviets need the products of the western zone and are certainly unwilling to see its powerful industrial apparatus linked to the economies of America and Britain. On the other hand, the French, who have also blocked unification, may favor a stronger barrier between east and west since it means severance of the arteries which connect the political brain of Germany with its industrial heart. That might, indeed, prove a solution of the problem of preventing the revival of an aggressive Reich. But equally it might make insoluble the much more immediate problem of preventing a competitive struggle among the victors for the largest pieces of the German heritage.

It is not my purpose here, however, to review the political implications of the Anglo-American move. I wish rather to call attention to some of the economic difficulties it involves, difficulties which, up to now, do not seem to have been given official recognition.

Both America and Britain have been very disturbed by the cost of maintaining even a very meager standard of living for the inhabitants of their zones, both of which are food-deficiency areas. Merger, by itself, will not remedy this situation although it may do something to raise agricultural production by making possible better distribution of fertilizers and farm tools. But essentially, if western Germany is to live without Anglo-American doles, it must export enough industrial products to other countries to enable it to import minimum requirements of food and raw materials. At the present time the cost of such imports, paid for by America and Britain, is reported to be in excess of $500 million annually. But even this large sum allows for the distribution of very inadequate basic rations—around 1,000 calories in the British zone and 1,275 in the American. These may be enough to maintain life; they do not provide sufficient energy to enable the Germans to make the industrial effort needed if they are to become self-sustaining.

It follows, therefore, that in order to raise productivity in the merged western zones, and so provide a surplus of goods for export, an immediate increase in imports of food will be required. In addition stocks of raw materials will have to be replenished from foreign sources before many factories can resume operations. Thus only by a further investment of cold cash can the Anglo-American authorities enable their German proteges to fend for themselves.

Another vital necessity is Anglo-American agreement about the kind of economy western Germany is to have. The British *New Statesman and Nation* in its issue of July 27 expressed the fear that "partnership with the Americans . . . would, in effect, compel us to restore a *capitalist* Germany which would also be inevitably a dangerous Germany." That fear is natural in view of the neutral stand which the American occupation authorities have taken in regard to the ownership of industrial property in their zone. But the British attitude has been similar, except in the case of the Ruhr coal mines which were socialized by decree some months ago.

Both western powers have, in fact, taken the position that it is for the Germans to decide, after the restoration of a free political system, what sort of economic structure they want. This is good democratic theory but is it practical? And is there, in fact, much hope of achieving political democracy in Germany without prior reform of the social structure? For, we must remember, there is no longer in Germany a large, stable, middle class on which to build a free-enterprise system. Two wars in one generation have wiped out savings and other forms of intangible assets. The German state can never repay the gigantic debt that it is loaded with as a result of Hitler's adventures; it will probably have to repudiate a large part of its enormous pension obligations. The wealth that remains in Germany consists largely of physical assets, such as undestroyed industrial plants, and its ownership is concentrated in the hands of a comparatively few industrialists most of whom were fervent Nazis. If these men are left in control of their property, they will be left in control of the state as well.

The Russians have dealt with this problem in a rough and ready way and they appear to be getting results, not only for themselves but for the Germans. They have nationalized a large part of the industry in their zone and got production going. Most of the output goes to Russia but a modicum is left for German consumers and the workers at least have jobs as well as rather better rations than are available in western Germany.

If the merger of the American and British zone does not speedily produce at least equally good results, western democratic methods are not going to impress the Germans very forcibly. But it is very doubtful whether we shall make much headway as long as we rely on private ownership of industry and the profit-motive. For those institutions cannot be reconciled with the total planning of the economy necessary to prevent western Germany from remaining dependent on the reluctant charity of its conquerors.

KEITH HUTCHISON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS and the ARTS

Our Southern and Western Colonies

THE REVOLT OF THE SOUTH AND WEST. By A. G. Mezerik. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $3.

ONE of the basic national frustrations which produced the New Deal was the profound need in the West and South to throw off Eastern financial control and embark on programs of local industrialization. Roosevelt was too busy with immediate depression questions to confront directly the problem of strengthening the underdeveloped sections until his second term. But he then began to move in on what he called the nation's number one economic problem, the South; and, before the war came to absorb his major energies, he showed increasing awareness of the need for electrifying and industrializing the West. The hopes and ambitions of these underprivileged regions provided an important source of New Deal momentum; and their problems constitute a large part of the New Deal's unfinished business.

A. G. Mezerik's "The Revolt of the South and West" brings the economic balance sheet among the sections up to date with admirable clarity and force. The war, he points out, created the great opportunity to liberate the South and West from their semi-colonial dependence on the East. The requirements of war production, against all the inclinations of the industry-dominated planning divisions of WPB, meant that plants were built outside established geographical and financial limits. Machines, labor, and experts migrated to the underindustrialized parts of the country. It looked as if the industrial unbalance might at last be corrected.

But, in spite of all, the East maintained and strengthened its central financial position. With the war over, secure in its economic and political power, in its control over financing and over patents, the East is reasserting its pre-war supremacy. When it cannot stifle the industrial burgeonings in Texas and California and Washington, it insures its absentee control; and it mobilizes to squeeze out such mavericks as Henry Kaiser who persist in struggling for industrial home rule. Yet the South and the West, Mr. Mezerik thinks, are in there pitching. Governor Arnall's freight-rate fight, the united regional support behind Kaiser, the demand for the Missouri Valley Authority—these are all aspects of the determination to break the Eastern stranglehold over the nation's productive energies.

"In the making, across and down the United States, is a new and strange industrial civil war . . . The benefits of industrialization, the main ingredient for prosperity, are withheld from the people of the Pacific West, the Intermountain States, the Southwest and the South alike. These regions look at the East with growing anger, convinced it is the East which today exercises the new tyranny, industrial domination." Truman's modification of the Roosevelt Cabinet in favor of the South and West, Mr. Mezerik suggests somewhat optimistically, may mean a new drive to build up the underdeveloped areas; and in the long run, he thinks, the alliance of South, West, and Eastern labor against Eastern capital may lead to a realignment of parties.

In his zest for his case, the author sometimes tends to repeat certain more extreme charges, not only as expressions of regional paranoia, but also as objective analysis. More important, he does not always make clear that the revolt of the South and West, like most other nationalist movements, is headed by people who oppose foreign exploitation in order to clear the field for themselves—a fact which makes his projected alliance opportunistic and his realignment of parties most improbable. But, within the space he has allowed himself, Mr. Mezerik has performed a considerable feat of fast, crisp, and intelligent political writing. "The Revolt of the South and West" is a basic for students of current American politics; and it should be read, in particular, by every one interested in the possible origins and hallmarks of the next New Deal.

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

Sun Yat-sen: A Partial Portrait

SUN YAT-SEN, A PORTRAIT. By Stephen Chen and Robert Payne. John Day. $3.

THAT a well-written biography of Sun Yat-sen, the great Chinese revolutionary democrat, which shows him as the Chinese millions see him, is essential reading for Americans, goes without saying. But every informed person will be justly skeptical of any book "written with the help of Kuomintang Party members."

That such Kuomintang members are mouse-like liberals is proved by frequent false statements, such as one referring to Chiang Kai-shek as Sun Yat-sen's successor, or another to the effect that "the whole of China was united" three years after Dr. Sun's death.

With some exceptions, this book is nevertheless an excellent chronology of historical events through which the tenacious, self-effacing, and tragic figure of Sun Yat-sen moved. The most concise personal portrait of him is given in the words of one of his followers:

> He gave everything to others and received nothing for himself . . . he never amassed any property, he had no selfish desires, no thought of personal revenge. We may possibly be as learned as he was, but we can never be so full of tenderness.

Even a few weeks before his death in 1925, while cancer was eating out his wasting body, Dr. Sun was speaking forcefully in defense of a life-long struggle for his three principles —national liberation, democracy, and socialism. Before vast mass meetings he told

> . . . of his plans to organize the country on a cooperative basis, with representation from all the progressive movements, a country in which the people would have complete power to decide their own fate.

Though this book contains many of the basic writings of Sun Yat-sen, it makes no mention of an article published by him in early 1912 during his brief term as provisional president of the Chinese Republic, in which he stated:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> Unless we take care right from the start to protect ourselves against the establishment of capitalism, a despotism a hundred times more frightful than that of the Manchus awaits us, and rivers of blood will be required to liberate ourselves from it.

Reading such prophetic words, as well as other writings of Dr. Sun urging the establishment of a people's democracy and expressing his ceaseless hatred of foreign imperialism, one quite naturally compares them with the practices of the present Kuomintang dictatorship, which traffics in his name while violating every concept for which he struggled for forty years. The authors make no such comparisons, nor do they mention that even when Sun Yat-sen's forces were weak and his domestic and foreign enemies powerful and menacing, still he never once invited foreign armies to occupy the soil of his country on his behalf.

With his life work unfinished, he died tragically in Peking on March 12, 1925, with his grief-stricken wife wiping the death-sweat from his face. Madame Sun Yat-sen still relentlessly fights for the realization of his principles.

After his death, write these authors, the western powers eulogized him as one of the six great pioneers and leaders of the world. During his life, however, all those foreign powers except Soviet Russia called him a "Cantonese theorist, visionary, crack-pot, and trouble-maker." They always refused to recognize any Chinese government save those headed by chosen "strong men," quislings. Nor have those foreign powers changed their spots today.

The book is sometimes marred by Robert Payne's adolescent political ignorance, which he smothers in phony "poetic" images, such as this:

> Revolutions are like flowers that grow where the wind listeth; they arise often inexplicably as the result of forces which cannot be measured, because they are related to the overtones of the human heart.

Reading such passages, one has to come up for air. Like all revolutions, the Chinese revolution was, and remains today, explicable; and it can be measured in concrete actions —the struggle between a Chinese fascist dictatorship supported by American imperialism, and a representative Chinese people's democracy. Every Chinese patriot who is today mauled, imprisoned, or shot down by Kuomintang thugs armed with American guns, is struggling for the still unrealized principles of Sun Yat-sen.

AGNES SMEDLEY

Art As Experiment

NEW DIRECTIONS 9. Edited by James Laughlin. New Directions. $3.75.

IN HIS annual gallery of experimental writing James Laughlin usually evades editorial responsibility by insisting that he does not judge what is "good" or "bad" but simply presents the diversity of the literary *avant-garde*. In "New Directions 9" the responsibility is more pressing because, as he admits, the experimental vein is running thin and because Farrell's leading essay on commercialized authorship involves the integrity of the non-commercial experimental writer—the intellectual, the literary rebel, the *révolté* of the "permanent revolution" in literature.

With understandable concern Farrell examines how commercial publication impedes the rapid growth of American literary taste and makes the writer a salesman. Yet his exploration of the dilemmas of the commodity vs. art opposition which cleaves low culture from high is inconclusive. After he demonstrates that philistine money can Hollywoodize literature until only "safe" books are printed on an industrial scale, Farrell addresses, with admirable quixotism, the "artistic conscience and honor," the artist as artist, in the name of "art as such." In so doing he minimizes the danger that art-as-such may terminate in the very literary bohemianism or skill-fetishism that he dreads. Though he observes how Marx demanded the emancipation of the press from commerce, the great issue is whether this emancipation can occur through the intransigence of the individual writer. Necessary and welcome as it is, the *avant-garde* is too often isolated in bohemia, that "cultural ghetto" of bourgeois society. In this instance Laughlin himself may offer a less naïve program when he argues that by developing a larger public concerned with serious writing we can somewhat mitigate the commercialization of authorship. In France, for example, La Nausée, Sartre's philosophic novel, has run to thirteen editions. The alternative to the industrialization of writing is not aesthetic rebellion, art as such. The bourgeois perspectives of J. Donald Adams will not be corrected by the cult of experimental or pure art.

The significant *révolté* is not *avant-garde* in this aesthetic sense. Henry Miller, who some time ago appeared to be only the *révolté*, never has appeared less so than in his present study of Rimbaud, himself a desperate *révolté*. Only Miller does not recognize him as such. He discerns in Rimbaud the *voyant* so finally alienated from the air-conditioned nightmare of the bourgeois world that he sinks into passivity and renunciation, with Miller's own conviction that "we are coming to the end." Here may be a better interpretation of Miller than of Rimbaud—but at least Miller can no longer be considered the arch-bohemian, or even experimental. His comments are almost academic in scope and precision.

At the other extreme from Miller is Eluard, the late surrealist, the alleged Stalinist of resistance poetry and as such, one presumes, "in line." Eluard, now in communication with his society, has like Aragon yielded his position as *révolté*. Incidentally, it seems certain that Eluard has accomplished a more satisfactory poetic clarity than Aragon. His ironies are less gross; the emotionalism is less shameless; the indirections and compressions and parallelisms, beneath the simplification of statement, are more extensive.

Both Miller and Eluard have, in their ways, emancipated themselves from the kept literary press and preserved their artistic honor. They are experimental in the only considerable sense of the term: their import cannot be summarized by referring to their method alone. In contrast is the "experimentation" of Patchen, with its freakish debasement of the portmanteau term, the Hemingway dialog, the Studs Lonigan milieu, the Sternian vignette and typography, and the surreal wisecrack, all of which give Patchen his "subterranean circulation." And is Berryman's prose "style" experimental: ". . . our visitor's grave words, repeated by me to the ceiling,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like a rite, with envy and relief, as meaningless as for some stray from the street, crept into a church for a moment out of the sun, the Elevation of the Host"? Barnes, Eliot, James, Pater, and Advanced Composition?

This collection will be re-read for other kinds of non-commercial experimentation that are not merely new directions in technique but in vision: the spasmodic three poems by Tennessee Williams; the William Carlos Williams story which, unlike Patchen's vulgarization of the Hemingway dialogue, adopts a kind of Hemingway simplification to effect its relationship to life; Paul Palmer's galloping parody of Dos Passos. Or there is the trio of Kafka fables, very brief but very authentic in their malaise, their sense of helplessness, and their ominous, seemingly detached symbols. Over and above the gibberish formulated into theses in the new translation of Lautréamont's preface to the verses that never appeared, admirers of the Maldoror will find a number of phrases by which to interpret the dislocations of that fierce and melancholy poem: "Communicate to your readers only the experience resulting from pain, which is no longer pain itself." The pain is that of the *révolté*. But the experimentation is inevitable, and not alone for the sake of art.

WYLIE SYPHER

BRIEFER COMMENT

Quantitative Verse

MAXWELL BODENHEIM, John Gould Fletcher, and Alfred Kreymborg have been familiar figures in literary circles for three decades, in which time, between them, they have written just one short of sixty books. Their virtues are well known: they have had successful careers; one of them has been president of the Poetry Society, another has won the Pulitzer Prize. There is little new, or encouraging, that can be said, now, about the publication of Selected Poems (Bodenheim, Ackerman, $3.50), The Burning Mountain (Fletcher, Dutton, $2.75), and Man and Shadow (Kreymborg, Dutton, $5).

All three of these books assay a high percentage of rhetoric, or The Will Trying to Do the Work of the Imagination. None of the three authors has a very good ear: Mr. Bodenheim's ironic wittitudes are better set off in his rhymed couplets (rare) than in his free verse rhythms (prevalent); Mr. Fletcher, for all his talk about symphonic forms and his division of his longer poems into four movements, is no Mendelssohn, let alone Mozart, of the written word; Mr. Kreymborg, in his long autobiographical poem, uses the colloquial manner of Robert Frost without the latter's saving grace of racy idiom, and at times, especially when rhyming, descends into a very vulgar doggerel indeed. If Mr. Fletcher's poem on Spain can be interpreted as anti-Franco, all three writers are at least progressive politically, against Hitler, for Democracy (Mr. Kreymborg very much so), and not too pessimistic (though Messrs. Bodenheim and Fletcher have their dark moments) about Humanity. There is almost nothing about the Atom Bomb.

Young poets, even those whose manuscripts are only "promising," have a legitimate grievance, I think, against

"THE MOST IMPORTANT INTELLECTUAL EVENT IN THE UNITED STATES THUS FAR IN 1946"

—HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
NEW YORK TIMES

F. S. C. NORTHROP'S

The Meeting of East and West

In this monumental new work F. S. C. Northrop of Yale University has made a brilliant analysis of the philosophical, political, economic, and religious beliefs of America, Europe, and Asia, to arrive at a synthesis of values, free from the provincialism which would insist that one set of standards only has the right to exist.

"In my considered judgment the appearance of this volume is the most important intellectual event in the United States thus far in 1946," writes Howard Mumford Jones in the *New York Times*.

"The book is great because its theme is great," Mr. Jones adds. "It is important because it is, so far as I know, the only book by an American philosopher to state the fundamental ideological conflicts in world culture . . ."

CONTENTS

1. THE CONTEMPORARY WORLD
2. THE RICH CULTURE OF MEXICO
3. THE FREE CULTURE OF THE UNITED STATES
4. UNIQUE ELEMENTS IN BRITISH DEMOCRACY
5. GERMAN IDEALISM
6. RUSSIAN COMMUNISM
7. ROMAN CATHOLIC CULTURE AND GREEK SCIENCE
8. THE MEANING OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION
9. THE TRADITIONAL CULTURE OF THE ORIENT
10. THE MEANING OF EASTERN CIVILIZATION
11. CONTEMPORARY INDIA, JAPAN AND CHINA
12. THE SOLUTION OF THE BASIC PROBLEM
13. PRACTICAL WISDOM

$6.00 at your bookstore

MACMILLAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

publishers who continue to bring out books like these in a time of paper shortage. What difference can it possibly make to anyone except Messrs. Bodenheim, Fletcher, and Kreymborg whether Messrs. Bodenheim, Fletcher, and Kreymborg issue 20 or 21 books apiece? I know the old argument—publishers lose money on poetry, and so, perhaps, they feel safer sticking to the old stand-bys; but I cannot feel they are going to get very rich off these three volumes, either. Still, Mr. Kreymborg's book, I notice, is offered for sale at five dollars; an innocent in such matters, I nevertheless feel that this looks suspiciously like Inflation.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Big Business and the West

WHEN WORD CAME to Wendell Berge, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice, that the big government-financed steel plant at Geneva, Utah, had been sold to United States Steel for $47,500,000, the stout heart of the fighting little Nebraskan must have skipped a few beats. This was the plant in which we, the people of the United States, had invested $200,000,000. It was to be, with other smaller steel plants, a "center of economic gravity" for the industrial development of the West. Or such was Wendell Berge's vision as expressed in his book, "Economic Freedom for the West" (University of Nebraska Press, $2). Now that vision is blasted by this unpardonable sale of the plant to the Fat Boys of the East. It is ironic that this bargain sale—bargain, that is, for the Steel Trust—should have the blessings of Mr. Berge's boss, the bustling barrister from Texas, Attorney General Tom Clark, who announces that while the Geneva plant has an annual capacity of two million tons, or nearly 40 per cent of the total of the Far West, the sale does not constitute a monopoly in the technical sense of the word. That it does give U. S. Steel and the Pittsburgh gang a strangle-hold on any large-scale Western free enterprise is evidently not the concern of the Attorney General.

The welfare of Western war-born industries is, however, very much the concern of Wendell Berge. He is a genuine believer in free enterprise and in the effectiveness of the Anti-Trust Act in protecting the government-financed aluminum, magnesium, chemical, and steel works of the fifteen Western states; we paid two and a half billion dollars for them, whereas private concerns unwillingly put up about $656,000,000. Mr. Berge has written a strong appeal to all of us to save the big Western plants for our own use. But the Geneva sale is evidence of the resolve of Eastern special privilege to keep the West an industrial colony, paying its taxes, in the shape of "basing points" and exorbitant railroad rates, directly into the coffers of Wall Street.

This author has in him the crusading spirit of another great Nebraskan, George Norris. He is enlisted in a seemingly lost cause. Yet his faith in the resourcefulness and independence of the enterprisers on our last frontier makes his book heartening reading. It may well be that, disillusioned by such brazen sell-outs of our properties as the Geneva shenanigan, he will seek more drastic measures for curbing the monopolists than the antiquated Sherman Act.

MCALISTER COLEMAN

A Tactful Faith

QUITE RECENTLY THE SUPREME COURT ruled that Jim Crowism was illegal in vehicles operating in interstate commerce—yet throughout the South Negroes generally continued to move to the rear. Despite his Northeastern background and college education, Sergeant Logan, with his minimum demand ("A Negro's Faith in America," by Spencer Logan, Macmillan, $1.75) for equality of opportunity without social equality, is as humble and modest as his less advanced brethren in the South. Obviously, he does not see eye to eye with that unusual Negro woman who refused to sit in the rear of a bus, was fined for violating the Virginia Jim Crow statute, and finally won a victory for her race through her appeal to the Supreme Court. According to Mr. Logan, such people are guilty "of the gravest injustice to their cause if they attempt to gain by force of law alone the advantages of social equality from people who are not spiritually or morally prepared to grant it." He sounds defeatist as he assures the white reader that all the Negro masses need is bread and shelter, and that the Negro does not want to force himself "into the home life of white America." His desire to prove that the Negro does not expect any amalgamation of the two races even makes him strangely prejudiced against the "socially aggressive" light-complexioned Negro: "The lighter the color," he asserts, "the less stability of character and purpose." But how can the Negro ever achieve economic equality without social equality?

If Richard Wright's "Black Boy" was fraught with bitter rebellion, this other young Negro leans over backward. His book, which won the Macmillan Centenary Award for non-fiction, becomes far more valuable where the author leaves the field of Negro-white relations and starts to describe the life, hopes, and worries of his race. He depicts realistically the tragedy of Harlem, where college graduates and illiterate Southerners, law-abiding citizens and criminal elements are lumped together in one small terribly congested area, and he destroys the common notion that the Negro is just a happy-go-lucky: "The Negro laughs to forget his plight." Drinking, gambling, and prostitution were forced upon him by whites who took advantage of his predicament; as a proletarian, the Negro shares the lot of all proletarians, yet added to it is the burden of racial discrimination.

Mr. Logan, who spent several years in the army, is hopeful as far as the future of the American Negro is concerned. He found a great deal of inter-racial amity among the troops, and he believes that the Southern Negro soldier became more conscious of the rights and privileges of a democracy, of the ballot and the importance of using it. He is "convinced that many of the manifestations of race prejudice which we as Negroes experience would be greatly reduced if only those who yield to it could be brought face to face with the effects of this prejudice upon the human beings concerned." The author concedes that the road towards political and economic quality is a long and wearisome one, and that the changes towards the better are rather slow, but "in spite of all this I believe in America. My people believe in America. All the subtle persecution in the world cannot take our faith away from us."

ALFRED WERNER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOTION PICTURE

DOROTHY McGUIRE • ROBERT YOUNG
in The NEW Adventures of
CLAUDIA and DAVID
Directed by WALTER LAND • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
— ON STAGE —
In Person — The Famous Screen Star
VIVIAN BLAINE
Lou WILLIS, Jr. • Bobby WHALING & YVETTE
ROLLY ROLLS
EXTRA!
Bob Hope's Radio Playmate
JERRY COLONNA
COOL
Now Playing **ROXY** 7th Ave. at 50th Street

STAGE PLAYS

THEATRE GUILD'S PRODUCTIONS
THE MUSICAL HIT
CAROUSEL
Music by Richard Rodgers • *Book & Lyrics by* Oscar Hammerstein 2d • *Directed by* Rouben Mamoulian • *Dances by* Agnes de Mille
with Harold Keel — Iva Withers
Jean Darling • Eric Mattson • Norma Howard • Jean Casto
AIR-COND. **MAJESTIC Theatre** 44th St. W. of Broadway, Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Thursday & Saturday at 2:30

THE MUSICAL HIT
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers • *Book & Lyrics by* Oscar Hammerstein 2d • *Directed by* Rouben Mamoulian • *Dances by* Agnes de Mille
Jack Kilty • David Burns • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
AIR-COND. **ST. JAMES Theatre** 44th St. W. of Broadway. Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Thursday & Saturday at 2:30

"A smash hit of enormous proportions." — *Ward Morehouse, Sun.*

MAX GORDON *presents*
BORN YESTERDAY
The New Comedy Hit by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM THEA., 45th Street East of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Evenings 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40. AIR-COND.

"MERMAN'S A WOW!" — *Chapman, News*
RICHARD RODGERS and OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd Present
ETHEL MERMAN *in*
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN • Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45th St. W. of Bway. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Air-Cond.

BUY YOUR BOOKS through *The NATION*

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book at the regular publisher's price post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the publisher's price plus postage if the book is sent C. O. D. When ordering, please give name of author and publisher, if possible.

•

Please address your orders to
THE READERS' SERVICE DIVISION
The NATION
20 VESEY STREET NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURES

Manhattan
ALHAMBRA
COLISEUM
81st ST.
86th ST.
58th ST. near Lex.
HAMILTON
125th ST.
REGENT
RIVERSIDE
23rd ST.

Bronx
CASTLE HILL
CHESTER
FORDHAM
FRANKLIN
MARBLE HILL
PELHAM
ROYAL

Westchester
MT. VERNON
NEW ROCH.
WH. PLAINS
YONKERS

RKO NOW
"Delightful Film Comedy"—*N. Y. Times*
JENNIFER JONES
CHARLES BOYER
in ERNST LUBITSCH'S
'CLUNY BROWN'
Based on MARGERY SHARP'S Novel
— AND —
"It's a Killer-Chiller"—*PM*
JOHN HODIAK • RICHARD CONTE
LLOYD NOLAN • NANCY GUILD
'SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT'

Brooklyn
BUSHWICK
DYKER
GREENPOINT
KENMORE
MADISON
ORPHEUM
PROSPECT
REPUBLIC
TILYOU Coney Island

Queens
ALDEN
Jamaica Keith's
FLUSHING Keith's
RICH. HILL
STRAND Far Rockaway

Manhattan
COLONIAL B'way & 62 St.

"UTTERLY ENCHANTING . . . MAGNIFICENTLY EXECUTED." —*N. Y. Herald-Tribune*
WALT DISNEY'S
Full Length Comedy Musical
'MAKE MINE MUSIC'
In TECHNICOLOR
presenting the talents of these great stars
BENNY GOODMAN • DINAH SHORE • THE ANDREWS SISTERS • NELSON EDDY • JERRY COLONNA • ANDY RUSSELL • THE KING'S MEN • STERLING HOLLOWAY
THE PIED PIPERS
— AND —
'BADMAN'S TERRITORY' Randolph Scott Ann Richards

NOW! AIR CONDITIONED
The THEATRE GUILD presents
LAURENCE OLIVIER
in William Shakespeare's
"HENRY V"
IN TECHNICOLOR • Released Thru United Artists
PRICES: Evgs. (at 8:30) $2.40, $1.80 Mats. daily (at 2:30) $1.80, $1.20
ALL SEATS RESERVED
NOW! N. Y. CITY CENTER 131 West 55th St.

BARBARA STANWYCK • VAN HEFLIN
LIZABETH SCOTT
— IN —
HAL WALLIS' *Production*
"THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

— *IN PERSON* —
DINAH SHORE
— Plus —
GIL LAMB
— Plus —
The Acromaniac
EXTRA!
DICK STABILE
and his Orchestra

NOW *PARAMOUNT* TIMES SQUARE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paul Rosenfeld

PAUL ROSENFELD was an artist. In his performances one finds "a level of reality deeper than that upon which they were launched"; his experiences have not been "made by fear to conform with preconceived theories." Now to be thus "strong in oneself is to be strong in one's relationships. Give and take is effected, that feeds the powers"; powers that have afforded us "a great panorama of conclusions upon the contemporary scene"; a "miscellaneousness" of acknowledgment that baffles enumeration. The mind which has harbored this greater than greatest Noah's ark of acknowledgments was characterized by an early compliment to it in *The Nation,* as "courageous, clear, and biased."

Biased? Biased by imagination; and the artist biased by imagination is a poet, as we see in Paul Rosenfeld's mechanics of verbal invention. Mass epithet would not do; sensibility fevered the noun or the adjective. John Marin was "a timothy among the grasses"; "The Enormous Room" had "a brindled style"; "love and aversion" were "darts of light on a stilly flowing stream, wave-caps cast up and annihilated again by a silently rolling ocean."

Matching the ardor of the method, there was in Paul Rosenfeld a republicanism of respect for that *ignis fatuus,* liberty; a vision of spiritual fitness without visa; of "inner healing" for white America's black victims, those "splintered souls" whose "elasticity of young rubber is weakened and threatened and torn, in bodies of young girls become self-centered and men playing in vaudeville theatres." Though a bachelor, Paul Rosenfeld was not inimical to woman, as Margaret Naumburg, Gertrude Stein, my timid self, and many another might well have testified ere 1946. He even understood children, their "infantine works and little houses"; their way of "cooking a meal without friction of personalities," since "the end irradiates the means."

The artist is no "lily-leaning wistful willowy waning sentimentalist," but "a man of stomach," producing "hard form which reveals itself the larger the more it is heard." "Heard" suggests music, and in this regard there is an Amazon to explore; an Amazon that was a river, flowing and branching throughout a continent. It was without "axes to grind and sadism to exhaust."

In objectifying what poets, critics, novelists, educators, painters, photographers, sculptors had "given" him, Paul Rosenfeld exemplified most touchingly his conviction that possession involves responsibility. He toiled to benefit his benefactors; or to put it exactly, to benefit benefaction; to justify justice. It is not merely D. H. Lawrence, E. E. Cummings, Gaston Lachaise, Nodier, El Greco, Marsden Hartley, Mozart, or Stravinsky, to whom he was grateful, but to sculpture, painting, writing, music.

Nor was critical rectitude in Paul Rosenfeld something apart from supposedly more prosaic manifestations of conscience. "Michelangelo," he said, "does not stand entirely besmirched for having ceased work on the Medici tombs in order to fortify Florence against brutal Emperor and treacherous Pope." Paul Rosenfeld cared what becomes of us. "America," he said, "must learn to subordinate itself to a religious feeling, a sense of the whole life, or be dragged down into the slime."

Flamboyant generalities are the refuge of the lazy, things that sound well, but in this instance *are* well. Paul Rosenfeld, in his impassioned and varied books, was a poet. He was a scientist of music; a musician; the rescuer of Tristram and Iseult from the half-scholarship of judicious translating; "contented," "refreshed," "rejoicing," "gladdened" by his multifariousness of gratitude—a figure best praised by his own myriad chivalries, drudgeries, and masteries. When everything has its price, and more than price, and anyone is venal, what a thing is the interested mind with the disinterested motive. Here it is. We have had it in Paul Rosenfeld, a son of consolation, a son of imagination, the man of deeds.

MARIANNE MOORE

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

COLUMBIA has issued the recording of Schubert's "Schöne Müllerin" cycle that Lehmann made a few years ago, before the Petrillo ban (Set 615; $7.85). More exactly, it is a recording of nineteen of the twenty songs: Lehmann could not record "Ungeduld" for Columbia because she had recorded it several years earlier for Victor; and this creates the difficulty that if one interpolates the Victor "Ungeduld" at the proper point one hears a different-sounding voice. But one hears worse differences in the Columbia performances. The entire cycle could not be recorded at one session; and most of the songs—from the first, "Das Wandern," to No. 15, "Eifersucht und Stolz"—seem to have been done on days when Lehmann was having trouble with her voice—when she did not have the control of breath necessary for steady tone and smooth legato. The voice is shrill; in the fast songs the singing is breathlessly choppy, quavering, explosive, and at times inaccurate in pitch (the groups of breathily staccato notes of indeterminate pitch in "Mein" are painfully ludicrous), and the phrases are breathlessly clipped (worst of all in "Der Jäger"); and even in the slow songs, where the legato and phrasing are better, the tone is not firm and some groups of notes with wide upward leaps are achieved only with explosive strain. These things, moreover, are made worse by recording in which there is no consistency in volume-level or in balance of voice and piano, but which usually makes the voice too loud for the piano, and in some instances so loud that the shrill tones leap out at one almost entirely deprived of piano context. (In addition, the recording provides "Der Neugierige" with a background of Congo drumming that Schubert's score does not call for.) But in No. 16, "Die liebe Farbe," it is as though one were hearing another voice; and in fact one is hearing Lehmann's voice on a day when she had it under control: it is lovely, firm, steady, manipulated with ease in wonderfully inflected phrases. That is what one continues to hear in those last great songs, to the concluding sublimity of "Des Baches Wiegenlied," which is realized in the most beautiful performance of the series. In these songs, moreover, the voice is excellently reproduced; but it is not properly balanced with the piano. And only English summaries, not the German poems, are provided in the album.

The first part of Aaron Copland's "A Lincoln Portrait" contains some fine-sounding music of the kind that he would write if the title were "A Roosevelt Portrait" or "Allegheny Autumn." Which is to say that its only connection with Lincoln is the quotations from his speeches that it leads up to; but the way of presenting them—the business of "He was born in Kentucky, raised in Indiana, and lived in Illinois. And this is what he said: This is what Abe Lincoln said:" and "When standing erect he was six feet four inches tall. And this is what he said: He said:"—had me writhing. And Lincoln's words would seem to me to call for something less than Kenneth Spencer's bombastic decla-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mation. The performance of the music by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under Rodzinski seems good and is well-reproduced (Set X-266; $2.85).

Rodzinski's performance of Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll" with the New York Philharmonic (Set X-265; $2.85) lacks the sensitive fluidity of the previously recorded performances of Muck, Toscanini, and Walter. Its over-all recorded sound is agreeable; but there are a few places where important melodic strands in the contrapuntal texture cannot be heard; and on side 2 of my copy there is some very bad distortion.

Respighi's "Pines of Rome" is well-performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, and the performance is well-reproduced (Set 616; $3.85); but the crescendo that Toscanini achieved in the finale is not on these records.

The Boccherini Sonata No. 2 in C major for cello and piano that Piatigorsky plays with Pavlovsky (71785-D; $1) I have found uninteresting; and though Piatigorsky's playing is unusually restrained, its mellifluousness is not to my taste. The performance is well-recorded.

Films

JAMES AGEE

IN "Caesar and Cleopatra" large million-dollar chunks of ancient Egypt are tossed around under Shaw's lines as casually as so many rehearsal campstools. They are often pleasantly gaudy, sometimes beautiful, and never, I think, primarily objectionable; yet to some extent, by their massiveness and their violence of complexion, they cloy one's attention and thus slow up the mind and the dialogue. The movie could have been as good, I am sure, and perhaps better, if the budget had been adequate only to take care of the players and their costumes, and their background had, with proper wit, been suggested and sketched in. But even as it stands, the show is excedingly good at the core, if you enjoy Shaw. Over that I am in no position to argue. I know of very little writing and not much music, for that matter, more pleasing than his work; nor do I expect to see his dialogue better used or his insights better understood than by most of the people in his cast, particularly Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh in the leading roles. Shaw's study of genius in Caesar, incidentally, makes most political leaders, and most studies of them, look about as well housebroken as a high-school debating society.

The Greatest Show on Earth

The Diary of a New York High School Teacher And Eight Other Books by Paul Eldridge

Paul Eldridge is the author of this fascinating, charming, exciting, dramatic, humorous report of what happened in the school where he, with 400 other teachers, had the prodigious task of pouring learning, civilized mores, ideals of citizenship, notions of decency, and hints of wisdom into the heads and characters of 10,000 young, blatant, magnificent, pathetic, heroic, erotic, neurotic, physically powerful, over-sexed, grand, witty, animalistic, emotional Americans. This book (15,000 words; pages 5½ x 8½ inches in size; 25c per copy) is tight with the warm juices of life. It bulges with the fatty tissues of living organisms, with cultural growth, with hidden Lesbianism, with painful manifestations of barbarism, with hatred, love, physical attraction, violence, toughness, self-poisoning jealousies, brief echoes of genius, rabelaisian humor, plain talk, exhibitionism, sadism, faculty politics, fawning hypocrisy, and sincere concern over the future of our chaotic, groping, mighty, struggling, ambitious, open-eyed generation. Scores of characters stalk across Paul Eldridge's huge canvas. The writing, as we've come to expect from Eldridge, is original, creative, beautiful, sardonic, epigrammatic, heterodox, cynical, laughing, jeering, poetical, imaginative, sophisticated, Wildean, scatological, sexually aware, uninhibited, and as free as flashes of lightning. This is Eldridge at his best. His fine talents permit him to stand as an equal with the freer spirits of European literature. Eldridge, in this little book, makes our language sizzle, crackle, cavort, dance, jump, twitch, dash, flow, leap and fly. A rare bird, this Eldridge—a genius in our midst—who's writing for an enthusiastic, eager audience that has surrendered to his greatness. Below is the complete list of the books Eldridge has written for the Haldeman-Julius press.

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH. The Diary of a New York High School Teacher. 25c. Prepaid.

LANTERNS IN THE NIGHT. A Catechism for Cynics. More than 450 sophisticated, witty, charming epigrams. "Lanterns in the Night" is offered as a lantern to the spiritual descendants of Diogenes, fearless seekers of man. Paul Eldridge neither harangues nor preaches. Scalpel for pen, he cuts and exposes. 5½ x 8½ inches, in readable type. Card cover, 25c per copy, prepaid.

Paul Eldridge's short stories are masterpieces. He is the American de Maupassant. In all, these volumes contain 84 short stories. Each book is 5½ x 8½ inches, in readable type. Card covered. 35c per copy. "The Greatest Show on Earth," the seven volumes of short stories and the book of aphorisms described above ("Lanterns in the Night"), nine volumes in all, may be had for only $2.90, prepaid.

Here are the titles of the 84 short stories we are offering the discriminating public.

Vol. 1. VIRGINS, AND OTHER STORIES. Virgins, Birds of a Feather. And So—To Pasture. Grafting the Family Tree. Porcelain Hens. Harvest. Magnificent Beggar. But Not for Happiness, Fair to All Three. Unto Eternity! The Perfect Curtain. 35c.

Vol. 2. THE LAST SUPPER OF MARIANNE, AND OTHER STORIES. The Last Supper of Marianne. The Comedian's Last Act. Friends. He Who Was God. Sacrifice. Good Prey. Emperor of Micamaca. Until Death Do Us Part. Mademoiselle Aperitif. The Matricide. The Fortune Teller. Author of Circles. 35c.

Vol. 3. HE WHO LOVED HIS NEIGHBORS, AND OTHER STORIES. He Who Loved His Neighbors. He Who Killed Time. Paradise Regained. St. Adele's Ring. Conte Giovanni Lapini, the Just. The Chinese Doll. The Golden Apple. He Who Knew Himself. The Forgotten Lyre. Worms and Butterflies. A Man and His Wife. Bobo and Bebe. Their Dreams. Time. The Star. Words. A Culprit. An Old Woman Falling Asleep. Back to Methuselah. Evil's Good. Three Men. The Secret of Eternal Youth. Pierre. The Seasons and Her Ashes. Art. Crosses. 35c.

Vol. 4. THE STORY OF A SIMPLE MAN, or Without Pride or Self-Pity. A 25,000-word novelette. 35c.

Vol. 5. WOMEN AIN'T NO FOOLS, AND OTHER STORIES. Hangman's Luck. Absolution. All that's Hell is Not Sulphur. Sampson's Locks Never Grew Back. Embers. Muffled Drum. Moonlight Dirge. With Fife and Drum. The Last Creation. Sister Kate. "Nuts!" How I Killed My Sister-in-Law. Love. 35c.

Vol. 6. LOVERS' GIFTS, AND OTHER STORIES. San Puerco, being A Leaf from the Golden Bough. He Whose Desires Were All Satisfied. Mother Only. The Challenge. The Fifth Wheel. Chaff in the Wind. Virtue Is Its Own Reward. Joseph of New England. Celluloid Wife. In Full Payment. 35c.

Vol. 7. THE TRUTH ABOUT PHYLLIS WARREN, AND OTHER STORIES. Lesson Well Learned. Caviar and Death. Reported Missing. World War 1, or The Hero Returns. Time and the Teuton. Lesson Well Learned. Resurrection. Generations. 35c.

We feel honored to have Paul Eldridge's stories appear under the Haldeman-Julius imprint. He stands with the greatest craftsmen in the difficult field of the artistic short story. It's these sharply etched short stories that have established Eldridge's reputation. He is a master in the field of sophisticated comedy, clearness of writing and absence of superfluous description.

The nine Eldridge volumes described above may be had for only $2.90 prepaid.

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS, Box 1876, Girard, Kansas

SEND ME ELDRIDGE'S NINE VOLUMES

E. Haldeman-Julius, Box 1876, Girard, Kansas.

Enclosed please find $2.90, payment in full for Paul Eldridge's nine volumes, as follows: "The Greatest Show on Earth, Being the Diary of a N. Y. High-School Teacher," (25c). "Lanterns in the Night," (25c). "The Virgins, and Other Stories," (35c). "The Last Supper of Marianne, and Other Stories," (35c). "He Who Loved His Neighbors, and Other Stories," (35c). "The Story of a Simple Man," (35c). "Women Ain't No Fools," (35c). "Lovers' Gifts," (35c). "The Truth About Phyllis Warren." (35c).

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Caesar and Cleopatra" was, I gather, generally panned in England. I can't see why. "Dead of Night," which was also made in England, got raves here. I think I do see why. The film is made up of three amusing, rather old-fashioned, cryptic little episodes which might be supernatural or might just be elaborately "psychological." If you wholly reject the non-rational, the picture is no fun. But if you are by habit over-rational, a film so persuasive as this, suavely presenting as accomplished fact so much that you have refused to regard as even faintly conceivable, can profoundly disturb and excite you. This is, of course, an important and serious event, but the disturbed person has chiefly himself to thank for that, not the picture. Two excited reviews of the film seemed to me as sympathetically, yet naïve, as the reactions of certain friends of mine who heard Willkie talk just after his world tour and who, because for once they were sure they had found a sincere man, were sure they had found a great one. For such reasons, among others, any further development of America's so-called religious so-called revival is deeply to be dreaded, though no more so than most of those who dread or scorn it. If anyone can be trusted to hold his liquor, it is the habitual drinker. All this aside, "Dead of Night" is in every way made with exceptional skill and wit; as intelligent light entertainment it could not be better; and its famous last shot, whether one has foreseen it or not, is one of the most successful blends of laughter, terror, and outrage that I can remember. Even so I think it would be

(Continued on page 195)

"The resolution of conflict in self is like the making one of opposites in art"

TWO AESTHETIC ANALYSIS PAMPHLETS

by Eli Siegel

Author of *Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana* (*Nation Prize Poem*)

1. PSYCHIATRY, ECONOMICS, AESTHETICS Aesthetics, according to Aesthetic Analysis, is a way of organizing a disorderly economics and a divided self.

2. THE AESTHETIC METHOD IN SELF-CONFLICT. This work shows that the problem of "civil war in self" is not only philosophic and ethical, but is deeply akin to the artistic problem, and should be dealt with on a basis of exact aesthetics.

For copies, write to Martha Baird, 67 Jane Street, New York City. Phamphlets 50c each. Bookstores suplied.

Buy Bonds—
for AMERICA Now
for Your Future Later

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Germany's Future

Dear Sirs: The "Future of the Ruhr and Rhineland" by Fritz Sternberg in the July 6 issue is one of the most subtle arguments to revivify German industry. It puts all thoughts of punishment for German war-like activity completely aside.

According to Mr. Sternberg, "The danger of a third world war does not lie in any future aggressiveness on Germany's part but in a sharpening of the enmity between the United States, Britain, and the Soviet Union." Thus is future German aggressiveness lightly brushed aside. Where the peace-loving German socialists and democrats are to come from is completely unanswered. Past experience proves that any German is militantly Pan-Germanic.

All competent objective observers from Germany report no democratic activity there. Instead there is a bitterness at Hitler for not winning the War. Nazism is still the dominant feeling and pervades all thought. Rebuilding Nazi industry—all the rich industrialists were Nazis—will only show that we are soft and decadent to their thoughts.

When Germany shows her peaceful inclinations by actions and thoughts based on past actions, then is the time for the attitude suggested by Mr. Sternberg.

MICHAEL FRIEDMAN

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 22

Word From Finland

Dear Sirs: I herewith wish to express my sincere admiration for *The Nation*. It is really a very broadminded and human political magazine. I only complain that my acquaintance with it dates from last spring when I first had the opportunity to read it at the Information Library of the United States of America in Helsinki (Helsingfors), where I borrow American literature.

I am greatly surprised that our country's newspapers and political magazines don't make quotations from *The Nation*. There are no similar papers in this country who look at Franco Spain as do the editors of *The Nation*. Your struggle against fascism is in a class of its own. I admire your frankness and your articles, the way in which you defend the working class, and your logical and human viewpoint on the political and social situation today. It is really a very great loss to our politics and our people that our politicians don't follow such progressive and liberal magazines as *The Nation*.

Since last spring I have tried to introduce *The Nation* to my friends. I often make political speeches for groups of workers at Malm, a suburb to Helsingfors, and at each speech I make quotations from *The Nation*.

Because I was struggling against the Germans and the Finnish Fascists (not as a soldier, but in a political way) during the war I got imprisoned twice, but was let free October 1, 1944. I send my warmest greeting to all Americans who helped defeat the Germans and through this helped me to freedom. During the war I worked together with Socialists and Communists in the struggle against the fascism, but I have not joined the Communist Party, even though that party's program is moderate. The Finnish Communists seem to be logical and democratic in their claims.

ARVID E. CEDERBERG

Malm, Finland, July 30

Principles vs. "Realism"

Dear Sirs: I fully agree with Professor Grayson Kirk (*The Nation*, July 27) that our hope lies "in the development of general political understanding between the United States and the Soviet Union." But there can be no "general understanding" on the basis of secret diplomacy (Yalta-Potsdam) and power politics. These can only breed distrust, conflict and ultimately war; the experience of the last twelve months ought to be illuminating, even to the wilfully blind. Understanding comes only from a clear, honest, consistent statement of a permanent policy, i. e. of principles. We should make the United Nations Charter a reality, not a sham. If it were such a reality, if difficulties were settled on the basis of "understanding' and not of force, the United Nations Charter would automatically turn into the constitution of a world state. If we reject principles for "realism," i. e. deceit and violence, then we had better follow the advice of the late General Patton. Half-heartedness is neither peace nor straight "realism": it is "appeasement."

ALBERT GUERARD

Stanford University, Calif., August 1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

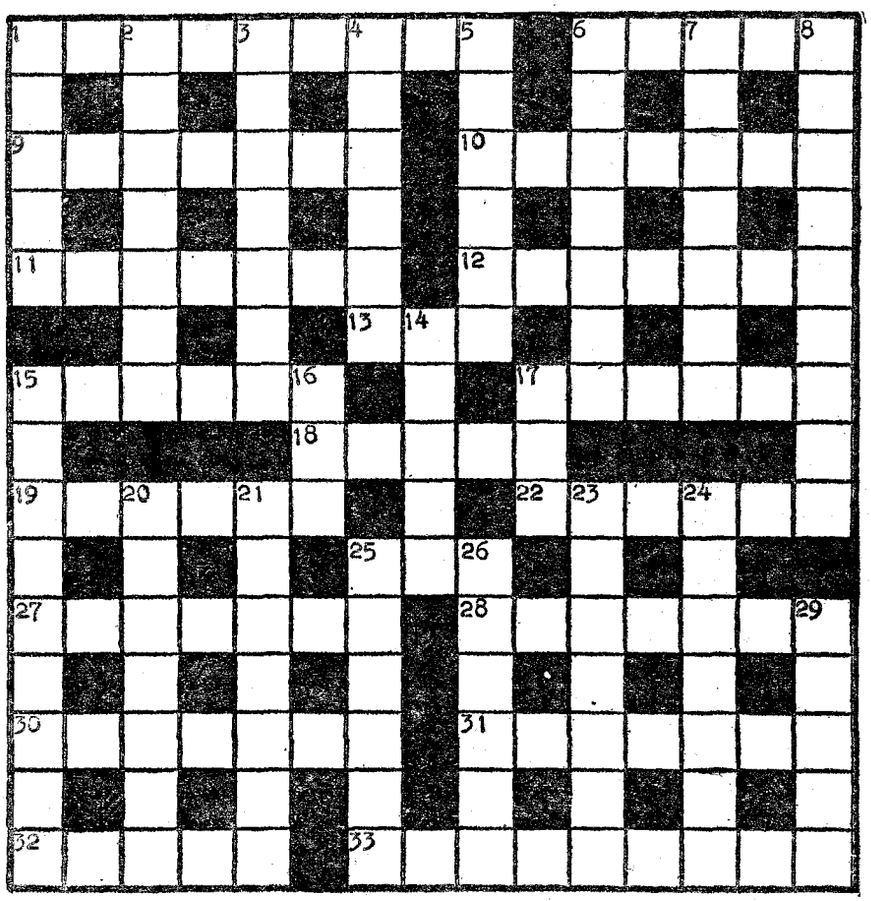
(*Continued from page* 194)

still better if "The End" were not superimposed on it, and if it ended with the first full closeup of its character.

"Notorious" lacks many of the qualities which made the best of Alfred Hitchcock's movies so good, but it has more than enough good qualities of its own. Hitchcock has always been as good at domestic psychology as at thrillers, and many times here he makes a moment in a party, or a lovers' quarrel, or a mere interior shrewdly exciting in ways that few people in films seem to know. His great skill in directing women, which boggled in "Spellbound," is functioning beautifully again: I think that Ingrid Bergman's performance here is the best of hers that I have seen. One would think that the use of the camera subjectively—that is, as one of the characters—would for many years have been as basic a movie device as the closeup, but few people try it and Hitchcock is nearly the only living man I can think of who knows just when and how to. He is equally resourceful, and exceptional, in his manufacture of expressive little air-pockets of dead silence. He has a strong sense of the importance of the real place and the real atmosphere; the shots of Rio de Janiero are excellent and one late-afternoon love scene is equally remarkable in its special emotion and the grandeur of excitement it gets away with, and in the amount these depend on communicating the exact place, weather, and time of day. Hitchcock also knows the movie value of the special tones and looks of people with special backgrounds, at special jobs. Cary Grant, as an American agent, has almost precisely the cultivated, clipped, puzzled-idealist brutality of a man whom I know in a roughly equivalent job; and Louis Calhern, as his boss, reminds me even more forcefully that, for what little good it gets us, there are considerable depths of specifically native sophistication at work, in and out of Washington. There is perhaps no telling how much of all this should be credited to Ben Hecht's screen play; but it seems safe to credit a good deal of the sharpest movie sense, and of a cool kind of insight and control which suggests a good French novelist, to Hitchock. The story by the way, shows Miss Bergman, a Nazi's daughter and a quondam tramp, doing State Department fingerwork among post-war German plotters in Brazil. Among her more painful duties is marrying Claude Rains, who is no less good as one of Hitler's unhappier orphans than as Bernard Shaw's coldly genial prototype of all dictators.

Crossword Puzzle No. 174

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Obviously he is not a young shaver any longer
6 The only truth tellers
9 Team's turn with the bat
10 The gnawing pain of guilt
11 Fighting man
12 Die sane (anag.)
13 Quixotic fellow
15 A necessity with most houses
17 Bundle of hay when it pours
18 The color you get by mixing all the others
19 Her Spring dress is much admired
22 Clannish
25 Singleton
27 2,240 pounds (4 and 3)
28 A first book
30 This wild horse needs to have his head
31 Polar bears like to be photographed on one
32 Approaches
33 A stranger who interests himself in your birthday

DOWN

1 Grasps
2 Ring-shaped
3 May be found among the reeds and flags
4 Ridiculous
5 Rub Dan down in a South African town
6 Buckingham Palace is in this London district
7 One who is in this is in no joking mood
8 Flowery adieu
14 Groucho Marx suggested using this vegetable to make your ice water
15 They take off their hats to women
16 This creature sounds like you, dear
17 Lay
20 Is a unit in North Africa
21 Walking-canes, maybe
23 These and the Home Guard would seem to have complementary roles
24 Butler's become active
25 Orange mixture
26 Urging on
29 Said the ghost in *Hamlet*

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 173

ACROSS:—1 HYPHEN; 4 WHEATEAR; 10 THOREAU; 11 SWAMPED; 12 AVERT; 13 EKE; 14 TYROL; 15 ENROL; 17 MARKSMAN; 21 RAPPINGS; 23 EDGAR; 26 ALTER; 28 MUM; 29 THEME; 30 DISTEND; 31 NANETTE; 32 EVERYMAN; 33 FERRIS.

DOWN:—1 HOT CAKES; 2 PIONEER; 3 EVERT; 5 HASTE; 6 AWAIT; 7 EMPORIA; 8 RIDDLE; 9 SUPERMAN; 16 LOP; 18 RESUMING; 19 SUE; 20 BREEDERS; 22 ARTISTE; 24 GREATER; 25 CAUDLE; 27 REEDY; 28 MEDIA; 29 TENSE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHOOL

LAKEWOOD
MODERN SCHOOL
A residential school for boys and girls from 7 to 12 years of age. Small group. Personal supervision.
Write:
JAMES and NELLIE DICK
115 Carey Street • Lakewood, N. J.
Phone: Lakewood 6-1007

DENTAL ASSOCIATE WANTED

VETERAN, licensed to practice Dentistry in Connecticut, New York, desires associateship with older man. Write to Dr. Lester Sarkady, 20 Grove Street, New Haven, Conn.

LANGUAGES

ALL LANGUAGES. Phonograph Courses. **Linguaphone**, other makes. Sold, bought, rented. A. Alin, 475 5th Avenue, New York 17. MU 3-1093.

PUBLICATIONS

VARIOUS AND LOVE SONNETS by Richardson Savell. 64 tender lyrics. 3 years in preparation. $1.00. Grand Print Publishers, Box 542, Brookline Village, Mass.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

AN INVALUABLE HOME — Executive office site, No. 139 East 43rd Street. Immediate occupancy, 4-story Building, opposite Chrysler Building, Grand Central Depot, etc. $90,000—cash. Also, 55,000 square feet, immediate occupancy, $82,500. With about 16 acres land at Stuyvesant Falls, N. Y. Two 4-story brick and stone buildings. Formerly used as textile mills and battery manufacture. Elevators. With perpetual use of 400 h. p. to owner without cost. L. N. Rosenbaum & Son, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York 17.

FOR SALE nine-room house, garage, acre land, private lake, Westchester County. Write Box 88, Goldens Bridge, New York or call Katonah 570J, evenings.

RESORT

AUGUST 19 THROUGH LABOR DAY. $35 weekly. Homestead, Carmel, N. Y. Private lake, tennis, handball, volley ball. Good food. Modern conveniences. Phone GR 5-6582; Socialist Party. 303 4th Ave., N. Y. 10.

SITUATIONS WANTED

SOUTHERN COLORED DOMESTIC and hotel workers desire jobs. Write for list today (stamps). QUALITY EMPLOYMENT ASSN. 214 East Clay Street, Richmond 19, Va.

FARM HAND—N. Y. STATE. Recovered from nervous illness, been working on a farm for 6 years. Looking for a liberal and friendly atmosphere to work in permanently. With intelligent, patient, young or middle aged people, where speed is subordinate to loyalty and decency I could do fine for all concerned. Wages are very much secondary. Please write (describing mental environment) to Box 1637 c/o The Nation.

TOBACCO

CIGARETTES—Popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.40 per carton; postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 1, N. J.

RESORTS

50 MILES TO FOREST HOUSE
Vacationing is truly gay and unforgettable in this resort paradise—providing the ultimate in rest and relaxation. Superior accommodations, excellent food and congenial hospitality. Two grand lakes, all sports.
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y. TEL. MAHOPAC 688

WOODED ESTATE ON JERSEY SHORE
THE OAKS
INTIMATE ATMOSPHERE. COCKTAIL PARTIES
BEACH CLUB MEMBERSHIP. ALL SPORTS
ADULTS—50 MILES FROM N. Y.
5 MINUTES FROM RACE TRACK — ELBERON, N. J. Tel.: LONG BRANCH 2433

Indian Lake Lodge
In the Heart of the Adirondacks
INDIAN LAKE, N. Y.
Ten Mile Long Lake, a backdrop of 3500 foot mountain ranges, a hundred acres of lawn and woodland. Scenic beauty plus all water *sports, tennis, hiking, informal* atmosphere, good food and comfortable quarters are yours to Sept. 15th. TELEPHONE: INDIAN LAKE 2412

BYRAM LODGE
ARMONK, N. Y. Tel. Armonk Vill. 906
Only 35 miles from N. Y. C. in Westchester. Completely remodeled, all conveniences, new furnishings. Beautyrest mattresses, all sports, bowling.
Rates $60 weekly; $10 daily. American Plan.
American-Jewish Cuisine
N. Y. Office 11 West 42nd Street PE. 6-2343

MAPLE GROVE MT. HOUSE
• Ideal Vacation Spot • Modern Accommodations
• All Adult Sports • Informal Atmosphere
• Excellent Cuisine • Dietary Laws
RATES: $37.50 • $40.00 • $42.50
Kerhonkson 8004M; 3641
Accord, New York

The Fieldstone
On Round Island Lake
A place of unexcelled beauty for rest and relaxation. One hour from New York.
ALL SPORTS — OPEN ALL YEAR
MONROE, N. Y. Phone 7965

FARMS AND ACREAGE

10 ROOM COLONIAL; excellent condition; heat; electric; bath; barns; small river; view; 96 acres; beautiful location. $9,000. Berkshire Farm Agency, Chatham, N. Y.

RESORTS

Gayly Informal
All Sports Facilities!
Comfortable Cabins and Lodges
Excellent American-Jewish Cuisine
WOPOWOG LODGE
on Lake Salmon, East Hampton, Conn.

Yours for Vacation Enjoyment
HILLTOP LODGE
On beautiful Sylvan Lake
HOPEWELL JUNCTION, N. Y.
65 mi. from N. Y. C. • R. R. Station, Pawling, N. Y.
Every conceivable Sport and Recreation . . . with intimate, congenial people
Many improved features for the new season!
Open from May thru October
Under direction of: PAUL WOLFSON & SOL ROTHAUSER
New York Office: 277 BROADWAY Cortlandt 7-3958

CASA MANOR
On Beautiful LAKE COSSAYUNA
COSSAYUNA, NEW YORK
Only 20 miles from famed Saratoga. 50-guest limit to preserve comfortable, restful, informal atmosphere. Excellent cuisine. Swimming, boating, fishing, table tennis, etc. Family accommodations available. Write or call.
JACOB M. OLSHANSKY
93 State Street, Albany, New York. Phone: 5-0363

HUNNS LAKE HOUSE
STANFORDVILLE NEW YORK
90 miles from New York via N. Y. Central. Charming lake and countryside, rustic, restful. Directly at lake, bathing, boating, fishing, other sports. Beautiful walks on own grounds. Excellent American cuisine. Ideal for week-ends and vacations. Adults *only*. Rate $45.00.
Management GRETE POPPER
Telephone Stanfordville 2931

Ridgefield, Conn. • Phone 820
A resort of distinction fashioned from a country estate. Water sports, hiking trails, tennis. Library, open fireplaces. Congenial atmosphere. Famous cuisine.

HATHAWAY LODGE
OPEN ALL YEAR
Formerly the palatial 592-acre Macy estate in the beautiful "Hills of the Sky." Large, luxurious rooms, many with open fireplaces and private porches. Winding Mountain Trails. Delicious food. Easy Transportation.
Attractive Rates • Make reservations now
For reservations or further information write or call
HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y.
Telephone: Tannersville 299

SACKS FARM
Saugerties, N. Y. Tel. 590-J
Unusually beautiful countryside, pine woods, good, homey Jewish-American cooking. All conveniences. Intimate and restful. Swimming, horseback, tennis and other sports. Adults. Booklet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED